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ANTON SEIDL.

ENGRAVED BY E. SCHLADITZ FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AIMÉ DUPONT.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

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ENEMIES OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

THE passage of the objectionable RAINES Liquor Tax bill by the Legislature of this State was bad enough; the manner in which that passage was effected was infinitely worse. It is well known that many of the Republican Senators and members of the Assembly, more than enough to defeat it, were at heart opposed to the bill, knowing their constituents to be against it. But they finally voted for it in slavish obedience to the will of one man. This man is THOMAS C. PLATT, the boss of the Republican party of New York. The mover of the bill, Mr. RAINES, spoke on the floor of the Senate avowedly in the name of the boss as the originator of this legislation. The well-known agents of the boss drove Senators and Assemblymen with the terror of his name into the ranks of its supporters. The same boss is now engaged in designating the members of the New York delegation to the National Convention of the Republican party. And, with the exception, perhaps, of a revolting district or two, his word of command will be obeyed. These two instances are striking object-lessons. Like an absolute monarch this man rules the Republican party, and when that party is in the majority he dictates the laws of this State. And the most important measures of legislation are devised to fortify his own dictatorship.

What is the secret of the power which this man, a private citizen, wields without the slightest public responsibility? It is no secret at all. Every well-informed person knows that this power springs mainly from a great "campaign fund" of which the boss is the autocratic manager, and that this fund is contributed, by way of blackmail, principally by great corporations and by rich men in this State for the purpose of securing, through the boss, protection against legislation undesirable to them, or the enactment of legislation favorable to their interests. And this fund so contributed is used by the boss to keep the Republican politicians of the State and a large part of the press in subjection to him, and thus to maintain his dictatorship over the party organization, over the legislative bodies, and over other public officers. If these money contributions were withheld, the boss would soon be stripped of most of his power for mischief.

Why do those great corporations and those rich men pay that blackmail? They are not really obliged to do it, nor can it be assumed that they like to do it. They do it, as one of them is in the habit of admitting privately, because they find this to be the cheapest and easiest way to get from the Legislature and from public officers what they want, and to avert what they do not want. In seeking to reach their objects through bribery or the payment of blackmail they find it more convenient to have to deal with one man controlling legislators or other public officers than to deal with the legislators or the other public officers themselves. Therefore they pay their money to the one man, thus enabling him to control the legislators and the public officers. In this way they build up and sustain that boss power which rules the State with irresponsible despotism. In other words, they subject the six millions of people in this State to a most unscrupulous, grasping, irresponsible one-man power for the purpose of making the protection or furtherance of their own interests through bribery or the payment of blackmail easy to themselves. They deliberately and systematically sacrifice the self-government, the interests, and the honor of the people of this State to their own convenience in doing what in itself is in the highest degree immoral and disgraceful. This is a crime against good government, against republican institutions, and against the public welfare.

We mean exactly what we say. When those great corporations and those rich men give money for such a purpose to Boss PLATT, or in the case of Democratic ascendency to the Democratic boss, they must of course desire at the same time that the legislators and the public officers nominally elected by the people should be reliable in their subserviency to the boss, for otherwise the money given to the boss would not bear the desired fruit. Those big corporations and those rich men will, therefore, be impelled by the requirements of that system to use what political influence they may have to the end of stocking the Legislature and the public offices with men upon whom the boss can count to obey his command. Thus it may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that those great corporations and rich men are actually engaged in what may properly be called a conspiracy to subject this State to a despotic rule in the highest degree dangerous to republican institutions and injurious to the public interest.

It is high time that the honest people of New York should look this matter squarely in the face. They should not permit themselves to be bamboozled by the silver-tongued orators, whose lips on every possible occasion flow over with "patriotism," and "public spirit," and "national honor," and "Anglo-Saxon love of freedom," and the like, but who, when battle is to be done against corruption and misgovernment in city and State, never have the courage to whisper a word against Boss CROKER or Boss PLATT. And why not? Because they look to the bosses to protect their personal interests or those of their corporations; and because they cannot consistently oppose those bosses in public while secretly they furnish to the same bosses the money with which they maintain their power to corrupt and to misgovern. It is a public duty to puncture the mellifluous hypocrisy of those who ostentatiously parade their love of country and devotion to republican institutions while clandestinely, to serve private interests, they knowingly rob the people of the freedom to make their own laws, and thus undermine the very foundations of popular government.

It is a poor excuse when such men say that they have large properties to take care of; that they have to do this in the safest and most economical manner possible; and that if to this end they pay ransom to a band of robbers in the way most convenient to themselves, nobody should find fault with them. We deny this conclusion emphatically. They have no right, in order to protect their own property interests, to fasten with their money tribute and their influence a system of government upon the State which obliges themselves to help in filling the Legislature and other places of power with slavish creatures of an autocrat whose irresponsible rule is utterly incompatible with republican institutions, and which imposes upon the rest of the people the yoke of a selfish and grasping tyranny. If those big corporations and those rich men are exposed to corrupt attacks and rapacious raids on the part of politicians in power, they should fight those attacks and raids openly and honestly, as other citizens have to fight them, instead of adopting a method of self-protection which only strengthens the power of the despoiler, and delivers the rest of the people helpless into his hands. Their method, if persisted in, will be sure to make this kind of boss-ship a fixed institution, for when one boss disappears, this method of self-protection will instantly create a new one. If the same money and influence used by them in sustaining the corrupt system were employed in continued efforts for its destruction, and if they allied themselves for this purpose with the good citizens of the State, instead of betraying and helping to enslave them, it would be possible to overthrow the iniquity and to restore to the people their rights. So long as these great corporations and rich men support boss-government with bribery and blackmail, they must be held responsible for it. They, no less than Boss PLATT or Boss CROKER, must be considered as enemies of good government, enemies of republican institutions, enemies of the people, and they deserve to be treated as such.

THE CANDIDACY OF McKINLEY.

SOME of the politicians seem to have arrived at the conclusion that Mr. McKINLEY will probably receive the Republican nomination for President, and one Democratic newspaper has made a calculation of his strength in the convention on the first ballot, and asserts that he will have 564 votes of a total of 910.

The history of promising candidacies is largely a record of failures, and Mr. McKINLEY may possibly make one more in the list of those who have received the largest number of votes in convention on the first ballot only to lose the prize in the end by reason of a hostile combination of the opposing candidates. But if he is nominated at St. Louis the Republican party will have done almost the worst that it now seems possible for it to do, for even Speaker REED, little as he has to commend him to the people of the United States, would be a stronger candidate than McKINLEY.

The author of the McKINLEY bill is an amiable man, with a pleasing manner of speech, but of all the men who in the last twenty years have risen to leadership in the House of Representatives we know of no one, with the exception of Mr. SPRINGER, whose leadership was nominal and not real, with less capacity for the post either in character or intellect. During his chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee he was the tool and servant of the protected manufacturers. It was to do their bidding that he was placed at the head of the committee that is theoretically charged with the duty of preparing measures for raising revenues for the support of the government. He carried out the purpose and intent of his selection. He became the nominal author of a measure of which its beneficiaries were the real authors. It was not a measure for supplying the government with the ways and means for its maintenance; it was a measure for increasing the profits of a favored few at the expense of the overtaxed many. The country expressed its opinion of Mr. McKINLEY'S effort at the election immediately following the enactment of the law by choosing a large Democratic majority to the House of Representatives. Mr. McKINLEY himself was defeated, and it was because of his martyrdom that a sympathetic party nominated him for Governor of Ohio.

This election to the Governorship was ample recompense for the stings occasioned by the loss of his seat in Congress, so that there is no reason for his nomination for the Presidency except that which led to his appointment as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. That reason is, as we have already explained, that Mr. McKINLEY will do whatever is commanded by the men who insist on having the right to tax the people of the United States for their own profit. In other words, he is the chief of the sect of extreme protectionists who believe that all Americans ought to pay high prices for the necessaries of life in order that a few Americans may gain riches by manufacturing them, and that to this end it is right and constitutional to levy taxes directly for the benefit of private citizens, making the public revenue a secondary or incidental consideration. He is the chief politician of this sect, not because he is a great economist—he has not even an ordinary acquaintance with the subject—not because he originates ideas, or on his own initiative develops and stimulates protective legislation, but simply and solely because he is willing to take orders from certain manufacturers who know what they want, and who are willing to pay large sums of money to secure a political agent who will turn over to them the taxing power, to do with it as they will.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Republican opponents of Mr. McKINLEY are making charges touching the virtue of the men who are conducting his campaign. They are saying that rich manufacturers have been corrupting the primaries throughout the country, and that delegates have been purchased. However that may be, it is clear that a public man must gain a reputation that unfits him for the Presidency if he is the servant of those who are interested in government only as it enures to their pecuniary profit. Whether Mr. McKINLEY'S strength in the convention has or has not been procured by the corrupt use of money, whether, if it has been, he is or is not a party to the corruption, he is the candidate of those who want to divert the government from its constitutional function of promoting the general welfare that its chief power may be used for their own selfish purposes. And it is because Mr. McKINLEY has already permitted himself to be employed as the agent of such men, and is presumably willing to be so employed again, that the extreme protectionists show such anxiety to bring about his nomination that prominent men of their own party are led to accuse them of employing corrupt means to accomplish their end.

Another aspect of this candidacy is that McKINLEY is not only the chief of the extreme protectionists, but he has heretofore been for unsound money, and is now, if we are to believe the platform of the Ohio State Convention which nominated him, in favor of bimetallism, either through international arrangement or, if that cannot be had, through Congressional legislation. In other words, the protected manufacturers, in order to capture the

silver vote for the restoration of the tariff law of 1890, are willing to elect as President a man whose views on the currency are unsound.

It will be difficult—we trust, impossible—to elect Mr. McKinley President on the theory that has dominated his canvass for the nomination. The tariff is not to be the issue at the coming election, nor, if it were, do we believe that the country would agree to make another trial of McKinleyism. The issue is to be the currency question. Neither the silver men nor the gold-standard advocates are likely to support a double-dealer merely because he is ready to do the bidding of the men who are now working for his nomination. If the Republican party has really come under the control of the beneficiaries of the tariff of 1890, and if therefore its convention nominate McKinley in grateful recognition of past tariff favors, and in hope of like favors to come, if in order to make the tariff issue prominent the party is to face both ways on the currency issue, the leaders who are anticipating a triumph at the coming election are likely to be grievously disappointed; for, no matter what the politicians may think, the country wants the money issue settled, and the question that will be put to candidates in the approaching compaign is, "Where do you stand on the money question?" To this question Mr. McKinley has not yet made a reply that is satisfactory to the advocates of sound money; nay, he has more than once ranged himself on the side of those who would debase the currency in order that fifty cents might be made to pay a dollar of indebtedness. Although he probably would not dare renew his advocacy of such a silver bill as the Sherman law, and although he might fear to stand squarely with Teller, Dubois, Stewart, and his other silver friends, Mr. McKinley does not favor the single gold standard, and therefore his election to the Presidency would be fraught with danger to the best interests of the country.

JAMESON AND ENGLAND.

There is a strange condition of English society as to Dr. Jameson. He was taken prisoner in a raid on the Boers. He and his men were riding towards Johannesburg for the purpose of gaining a vantage-ground from which they might "deal" with President Krueger. The only excuse for this assault by British subjects upon a friendly power was that the Uitlanders are denied political rights that they desire, and which they may or may not deserve. At any rate, the country belongs to the Boers, and they have a right to determine the political powers which they will grant to aliens.

All the circumstances surrounding Dr. Jameson's raid tend to show that it was planned by the South African Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the head. It was a gold-mining company that raised volunteers and procured arms, and the headquarters of the company in Johannesburg were the centre of attraction for the English-speaking crowd, many being Americans, while Jameson was supposed to be riding to the rescue of the town, but was really riding into the clutches of the Boers.

Sometimes a British "advance" into territory belonging to other people is excused on the theory that it is good for civilization; that it helps the world upward; spreads into dismal and hopeless places the glory and power of enlightenment; replaces corruption, tyranny, anarchy, and disorder with the peaceful reign of the law; and puts the even-handed magistrate on the seat of the dictator. But this cannot be said of the raid into the Transvaal by Jameson and his merry men. The Boers are peaceable, industrious people, who have laws of their own, which, so far as we know, are well administered. An English magistrate is not needed in that country, because life and property are amply protected by the present rulers of the land, and this is shown by the immunity of the South African Company itself. It was not as "civilizers" that the British went; it was as the servants of a money corporation, of an organized speculation, which the British government has intrusted with political powers. The raid was undertaken to transform Boer corn-fields into South African Company gold-mines. It was a raid for money, as are almost all "advances" into foreign territory, and this time there can be no pretence that the area of civilization would have been incidentally enlarged.

And yet Jameson, the hero of the ride for pelf, is not only celebrated in lines by the new poet-laureate, but is cheered by the fashionable world of London as he takes his stand in the Bow Street police court to answer to the charge of making war on a friendly power. Of course the government disowns his act, but in the fact that London makes a hero of the freebooter there is a suggestion of the reason why a British colony is an unwelcome and a dangerous neighbor to a power that is not so strong as the mother-country.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

At the bottom of all the pretended sympathy for Cuba lies the desire that the island shall be acquired by the United States. Such an addition to our territory has often been the dream of American politicians. It was the hope of the Southern leaders that they could thus add two new slave States to the Union, but it was also the firm conviction of John Quincy Adams that within half a century from the time when he was writing, 1823, "the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself." Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé declared, in the Ostend manifesto, that the "Union can never enjoy repose nor possess reliable security so long as Cuba is not embraced within its boundaries." When Buchanan was President he constantly urged the purchase of the island.

But Mr. Adams and the three prophets of Ostend were wrong. Half a century passed and 1873 came. The Cubans were engaged in a revolt against Spain which lasted ten years and came to an end in 1878. It had not been found, to quote Mr. Adams's prediction, that "the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic was indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself." On the contrary, the most intelligent men among our politicians had begun to doubt if we wanted the island; and President Grant, under the able guidance of Mr. Fish, was demonstrating that the Cuban insurgents were not entitled to be recognized as belligerents.

The desire for annexation still prevails, but the advantages of the scheme do not present themselves so glowingly as they did in 1823 and in 1854. The annexationists are not so bold as they were, and rather hesitate to declare their ultimate desires and hopes. Many of them do not go further than to suggest that Cuba may be governed as Alaska is. But there is no one who takes an intelligent interest in public questions who does not know that the result of active interference on the part of the United States in the affairs of Cuba would be annexation.

Now annexation would mean, in the end, the admission of Cuba as a State, or perhaps as two States. The agitation for admission would begin as soon as annexation was accomplished; and as soon as one political party found itself in possession of both branches of Congress and of the Presidency, the Cuban patriots possessed of political ambition would give the party leaders the necessary assurances of loyalty, and we should have two or four Senators from Cuba to join the new Senators who are now defending the interests of their silver-mine constituents. The only bright and hopeful suggestion that can be made in connection with the proposal to admit Cuba to statehood is that such an addition to our States would greatly add to the trouble of the Sugar Trust and beet-sugar combination. From no other point of view can a good American entertain any but gloomy forebodings from the mere thought of such a purpose.

THE INSOLENCE OF PETTY OFFICE.

With all the quicksilver in the American temperament it is sluggish in directions which provoke a mild degree of wonder. In affairs which touch the daily life and comfort, the selfish interests which hug us at every turn, it may be regarded as singular if there is scarcely a trace of that sensitiveness which bleeds at a scratch in larger matters. Life is made up of little things, and the friction of trifles is responsible for a great share of human infelicity. Our own people are noted among foreigners for quickness of resentment at any fancied national slight, morbidly so in many instances, though it may end with a flash in the pan, and fizzle out with sober second judgment. Yet the same intelligent observers, bringing with them the point of view established by their own habits and regulations of living, are not less struck by American callousness and good-nature at home. They have occasion to satirize indifference to municipal and social ills bristling in unexpected forms. The citizens of New York, for example, suffered meekly for many years from sidewalks made nearly impassable by bales and boxes, or by the impudence of curb-stone traffic; from streets illegally transformed into truck-stands; from the piggish indifference of tradesmen, who swept shop rubbish into the gutters. The enforcement of law never rises higher than the level of its source.

There are some abuses scarcely amenable to law, however, to be remedied solely by increased self-respect on the part of the general public. The exaction of individual rights is sometimes inflated into bumptiousness, and becomes offensive and absurd. But the just limits are not far to seek, and such an enforcement of the "ego" is a vital condition of healthy and agreeable contact with the world. What may be called the insolence of petty office is a standard annoyance of life in big cities. Yet this rudeness of the small public servant, such as the policeman, or the street-car conductor, or the elevated railway guard, is frequently the offspring of sheer ignorance. This does not alter the situation either in the fact or the method of remedy. From such officials, selected for the most part from the uncultivated classes, we can scarcely look for the "noblesse oblige." They will demean themselves toward the public as the public permits itself to be treated, no better, no worse. The force which in England and France humanizes the custom-house officer, the policeman, or the railway guard into the suave and polite public servant is prompted less by the dread of the higher authority than by his sense of the attitude which the public assumes toward him. It is the tremendous power of sentiment not too lazy to take trouble and make trouble. Till this is quickened into working efficacy among Americans they will continue to undergo as a condition of city life the brutal assumption of the policeman or the pawing and mauling of the car official. The evil is even more marked in the treatment of the weaker sex. Refined women are often treated in public conveyances as if they were the occupants of a cattle-car, and the studied aloofness assumed by the males present points a commentary on alleged American chivalry. All these things ramify from the indisposition to spend time or effort in immediate resentment, or in further proceedings to exact punishment and create an example.

It is true that an element in the problem roots in the instinctive self-assertion fed by democratic institutions, impelling Lazarus to bristle up even before Dives, especially when Lazarus wears a brass badge. But this false growth of a noble principle would soon slough away before a determined public attitude; and the small official would come to understand that "Ich dien" is a motto no less honorable for a scavenger than for the Prince of Wales.

FAT.

It has often been a source of wonder why the policemen in the cities of America are so fat. In the older monarch-ridden countries of the world obesity is to be found on the bench of the lower magistracy. Among savages the monarchs alone are fat. Without making a scientific mystery of it, the cause of adiposity among these somewhat related classes is the same in all three—they are overfed and underworked.

A police surgeon has recently given voice to some opinions on the case of a fat policeman, a very fat policeman indeed, and thence with Machiavellian art has proceeded to formulate an essay on the fatness of policemen in general. The policeman weighed 380 pounds when the surgeon first began to observe him, but in the course of a four months' illness he dwindled to 240 pounds, and still the surgeon believed him to be too fat. We are prepared to believe it. In the course of his general remarks he makes one startling statement, namely, "The life of a policeman is at best a very inactive one." It is surprising that this should be the fact. True, observation of our individual policemen is mostly associated with seeing them leaning against lamp-posts, chatting easily with acquaintances or with each other, or else standing before some building which they are set to guard. The peculiarly imperceptible way in which they manage to get from point to point does not quite convey the idea of motion, yet when the complacent citizen thinks of the "force" as "guardians of the peace," the idea of suppleness, alertness, swiftness, arises embodied before his mind's eye in an ideal body of police. This ideal is plainly what Darwinians would call a "survival." The modern policeman in these United States has put an envelope of fat about it.

Proceeding with his general remarks, the surgeon says: "Any one can notice that as soon as a man is appointed on the force he begins to increase in weight and belt measurement, his muscles become flabby, and as a result of all this he moves more slowly than was his wont." Precisely, therefore, at the period when we imagine him smartened out of the loose conditions of civilian life, straightened by discipline, and urged by the traditions of his new calling to a foxlike activity, he is, it seems, accumulating fat and settling down into a lumbering object in uniform, with an ever-expanding belt and an ever-increasing aversion to locomotion. That a low *morale* may follow in the same ratio should not be incredible. When Shakespeare makes Falstaff apologize for his general want of moral tone, does not Sir John say, "Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty"? This plea, so far as we are aware, was not interposed even by the police themselves to meet the charges of corrupt dealing formerly urged against them in various quarters, but it is clearly worth considering.

And why should not the converse of the proposition be taken to heart? Would it not be well to guard against frailty, while giving a desirable spring to constabulary heels, by forbidding fatness on the force? There is, no doubt, some connection between mental and physical states. Without straining the point to find an intimate link between rotundity and rascality, it is a very clear proposition that the will to catch a light-footed thief is modified by the inability to run a mile, say. Exercise, such as might be had in the station-houses, combined with an order to run round their beats, say, twice a day, would be some corrective; but ultimately, as in every case of obesity without exception, fat can only be controlled by a proper dietary. Obesity has only one meaning—overfeeding.

Tell that to any fat man—policeman or other—and he will be indignant. Mention it to a lady who has passed beyond the state good-naturedly indicated by that troublesome word *embonpoint*, and you may prepare to deal with hysterics; but it is most true. Fat is the superfluity of the heat-supply of the body. The policeman who has been a workman finds himself better paid than ever before and with much less to do. He eats better and richer food; he lingers longer over it. As he has no muscular exercise to take up the increased heat-supply, nature condemns him to carry it around. He grows fat. The reasoning applies to bankers, brokers, merchants, and manufacturers, to the lay and the clerical, to the "stout" lady at the opera as to the "fat lady" in the museums. It is to be hoped that the information about the police, which we have called startling, and is truly so, shall not fail of notice among those who have control in police circles, as it should not be lost on the fat or those who are fattening in any walk of life. Do not overeat.

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What is the secret of the power which this man, a private citizen, wields without the slightest public responsibility? It is no secret at all. Every well-informed person knows that this power springs mainly from a great "campaign fund" of which the boss is the autocratic manager, and that this fund is contributed, by way of blackmail, principally by great corporations and by rich men in this State for the purpose of securing, through the boss, protection against legislation undesirable to them, or the enactment of legislation favorable to their interests. And this fund so contributed is used by the boss to keep the Republican politicians of the State and a large part of the press in subjection to him, and thus to maintain his dictatorship over the party organization, over the legislative bodies, and over other public officers. If these money contributions were withheld, the boss would soon be stripped of most of his power for mischief.

Why do those great corporations and those rich men pay that blackmail? They are not really obliged to do it, nor can it be assumed that they like to do it. They do it, as one of them is in the habit of admitting privately, because they find this to be the cheapest and easiest way to get from the Legislature and from public officers what they want, and to avert what they do not want. In seeking to reach their objects through bribery or the payment of blackmail they find it more convenient to have to deal with one man controlling legislators or other public officers than to deal with the legislators or the other public officers themselves. Therefore they pay their money to the one man, thus enabling him to control the legislators and the public officers. In this way they build up and sustain that boss power which rules the State with irresponsible despotism. In other words, they subject the six millions of people in this State to a most unscrupulous, grasping, irresponsible one-man power for the purpose of making the protection or furtherance of their own interests through bribery or the payment of blackmail easy to themselves. They deliberately and systematically sacrifice the self-government, the interests, and the honor of the people of this State to their own convenience in doing what in itself is in the highest degree immoral and disgraceful. This is a crime against good government, against republican institutions, and against the public welfare.

We mean exactly what we say. When those great corporations and those rich men give money for such a purpose to Boss PLATT, or in the case of Democratic ascendency to the Democratic boss, they must of course desire at the same time that the legislators and the public officers nominally elected by the people should be reliable in their subserviency to the boss, for otherwise the money given to the boss would not bear the desired fruit. Those big corporations and those rich men will, therefore, be impelled by the requirements of that system to use what political influence they may have to the end of stocking the Legislature and the public offices with men upon whom the boss can count to obey his command. Thus it may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that those great corporations and rich men are actually engaged in what may properly be called a conspiracy to subject this State to a despotic rule in the highest degree dangerous to republican institutions and injurious to the public interest.

It is high time that the honest people of New York should look this matter squarely in the face. They should not permit themselves to be bamboozled by the silver-tongued orators, whose lips on every possible occasion flow over with "patriotism," and "public spirit," and "national honor," and "Anglo-Saxon love of freedom," and the like, but who, when battle is to be done against corruption and misgovernment in city and State, never have the courage to whisper a word against Boss CROKER or Boss PLATT. And why not? Because they look to the bosses to protect their personal interests or those of their corporations; and because they cannot consistently oppose those bosses in public while secretly they furnish to the same bosses the money with which they maintain their power to corrupt and to misgovern. It is a public duty to puncture the mellifluous hypocrisy of those who ostentatiously parade their love of country and devotion to republican institutions while clandestinely, to serve private interests, they knowingly rob the people of the freedom to make their own laws, and thus undermine the very foundations of popular government.

It is a poor excuse when such men say that they have large properties to take care of; that they have to do this in the safest and most economical manner possible; and that if to this end they pay ransom to a band of robbers in the way most convenient to themselves, nobody should find fault with them. We deny this conclusion emphatically. They have no right, in order to protect their own property interests, to fasten with their money tribute and their influence a system of government upon the State which obliges themselves to help in filling the Legislature and other places of power with slavish creatures of an autocrat whose irresponsible rule is utterly incompatible with republican institutions, and which imposes upon the rest of the people the yoke of a selfish and grasping tyranny. If those big corporations and those rich men are exposed to corrupt attacks and rapacious raids on the part of politicians in power, they should fight those attacks and raids openly and honestly, as other citizens have to fight them, instead of adopting a method of self-protection which only strengthens the power of the despoiler, and delivers the rest of the people helpless into his hands. Their method, if persisted in, will be sure to make this kind of boss-ship a fixed institution, for when one boss disappears, this method of self-protection will instantly create a new one. If the same money and influence used by them in sustaining the corrupt system were employed in continued efforts for its destruction, and if they allied themselves for this purpose with the good citizens of the State, instead of betraying and helping to enslave them, it would be possible to overthrow the iniquity and to restore to the people their rights. So long as these great corporations and rich men support boss-government with bribery and blackmail, they must be held responsible for it. They, no less than Boss PLATT or Boss CROKER, must be considered as enemies of good government, enemies of republican institutions, enemies of the people, and they deserve to be treated as such.

THE CANDIDACY OF McKINLEY.

SOME of the politicians seem to have arrived at the conclusion that Mr. MCKINLEY will probably receive the Republican nomination for President, and one Democratic newspaper has made a calculation of his strength in the convention on the first ballot, and asserts that he will have 564 votes of a total of 910.

The history of promising candidacies is largely a record of failures, and Mr. MCKINLEY may possibly make one more in the list of those who have received the largest number of votes in convention on the first ballot only to lose the prize in the end by reason of a hostile combination of the opposing candidates. But if he is nominated at St. Louis the Republican party will have done almost the worst that it now seems possible for it to do, for even Speaker REED, little as he has to commend him to the people of the United States, would be a stronger candidate than MCKINLEY.

The author of the MCKINLEY bill is an amiable man, with a pleasing manner of speech, but of all the men who in the last twenty years have risen to leadership in the House of Representatives we know of no one, with the exception of Mr. SPRINGER, whose leadership was nominal and not real, with less capacity for the post either in character or intellect. During his chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee he was the tool and servant of the protected manufacturers. It was to do their bidding that he was placed at the head of the committee that is theoretically charged with the duty of preparing measures for raising revenues for the support of the government. He carried out the purpose and intent of his selection. He became the nominal author of a measure of which its beneficiaries were the real authors. It was not a measure for supplying the government with the ways and means for its maintenance; it was a measure for increasing the profits of a favored few at the expense of the overtaxed many. The country expressed its opinion of Mr. MCKINLEY'S effort at the election immediately following the enactment of the law by choosing a large Democratic majority to the House of Representatives. Mr. MCKINLEY himself was defeated, and it was because of his martyrdom that a sympathetic party nominated him for Governor of Ohio.

This election to the Governorship was ample recompense for the stings occasioned by the loss of his seat in Congress, so that there is no reason for his nomination for the Presidency except that which led to his appointment as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. That reason is, as we have already explained, that Mr. MCKINLEY will do whatever is commanded by the men who insist on having the right to tax the people of the United States for their own profit. In other words, he is the chief of the sect of extreme protectionists who believe that all Americans ought to pay high prices for the necessaries of life in order that a few Americans may gain riches by manufacturing them, and that to this end it is right and constitutional to levy taxes directly for the benefit of private citizens, making the public revenue a secondary or incidental consideration. He is the chief politician of this sect, not because he is a great economist—he has not even an ordinary acquaintance with the subject—not because he originates ideas, or on his own initiative develops and stimulates protective legislation, but simply and solely because he is willing to take orders from certain manufacturers who know what they want, and who are willing to pay large sums of money to secure a political agent who will turn over to them the taxing power, to do with it as they will.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Republican opponents of Mr. MCKINLEY are making charges touching the virtue of the men who are conducting his campaign. They are saying that rich manufacturers have been corrupting the primaries throughout the country, and that delegates have been purchased. However that may be, it is clear that a public man must gain a reputation that unfits him for the Presidency if he is the servant of those who are interested in government only as it enures to their pecuniary profit. Whether Mr. MCKINLEY'S strength in the convention has or has not been procured by the corrupt use of money, whether, if it has been, he is or is not a party to the corruption, he is the candidate of those who want to divert the government from its constitutional function of promoting the general welfare that its chief power may be used for their own selfish purposes. And it is because Mr. MCKINLEY has already permitted himself to be employed as the agent of such men, and is presumably willing to be so employed again, that the extreme protectionists show such anxiety to bring about his nomination that prominent men of their own party are led to accuse them of employing corrupt means to accomplish their end.

Another aspect of this candidacy is that MCKINLEY is not only the chief of the extreme protectionists, but he has heretofore been for unsound money, and is now, if we are to believe the platform of the Ohio State Convention which nominated him, in favor of bimetallism, either through international arrangement or, if that cannot be had, through Congressional legislation. In other words, the protected manufacturers, in order to capture the

silver vote for the restoration of the tariff law of 1890, are willing to elect as President a man whose views on the currency are unsound.

It will be difficult—we trust, impossible—to elect Mr. McKinley President on the theory that has dominated his canvass for the nomination. The tariff is not to be the issue at the coming election, nor, if it were, do we believe that the country would agree to make another trial of McKinleyism. The issue is to be the currency question. Neither the silver men nor the gold-standard advocates are likely to support a double-dealer merely because he is ready to do the bidding of the men who are now working for his nomination. If the Republican party has really come under the control of the beneficiaries of the tariff of 1890, and if therefore its convention nominate McKinley in grateful recognition of past tariff favors, and in hope of like favors to come, if in order to make the tariff issue prominent the party is to face both ways on the currency issue, the leaders who are anticipating a triumph at the coming election are likely to be grievously disappointed; for, no matter what the politicians may think, the country wants the money issue settled, and the question that will be put to candidates in the approaching compaign is, "Where do you stand on the money question?" To this question Mr. McKinley has not yet made a reply that is satisfactory to the advocates of sound money; nay, he has more than once ranged himself on the side of those who would debase the currency in order that fifty cents might be made to pay a dollar of indebtedness. Although he probably would not dare renew his advocacy of such a silver bill as the Sherman law, and although he might fear to stand squarely with Teller, Dubois, Stewart, and his other silver friends, Mr. McKinley does not favor the single gold standard, and therefore his election to the Presidency would be fraught with danger to the best interests of the country.

JAMESON AND ENGLAND.

There is a strange condition of English society as to Dr. Jameson. He was taken prisoner in a raid on the Boers. He and his men were riding towards Johannesburg for the purpose of gaining a vantage-ground from which they might "deal" with President Kruger. The only excuse for this assault by British subjects upon a friendly power was that the Uitlanders are denied political rights that they desire, and which they may or may not deserve. At any rate, the country belongs to the Boers, and they have a right to determine the political powers which they will grant to aliens.

All the circumstances surrounding Dr. Jameson's raid tend to show that it was planned by the South African Company, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the head. It was a gold-mining company that raised volunteers and procured arms, and the headquarters of the company in Johannesburg were the centre of attraction for the English-speaking crowd, many being Americans, while Jameson was supposed to be riding to the rescue of the town, but was really riding into the clutches of the Boers.

Sometimes a British "advance" into territory belonging to other people is excused on the theory that it is good for civilization; that it helps the world upward, spreads into dismal and hopeless places the glory and power of enlightenment; replaces corruption, tyranny, anarchy, and disorder with the peaceful reign of the law; and puts the even-handed magistrate on the seat of the dictator. But this cannot be said of the raid into the Transvaal by Jameson and his merry men. The Boers are peaceable, industrious people, who have laws of their own, which, so far as we know, are well administered. An English magistrate is not needed in that country, because life and property are amply protected by the present rulers of the land, and this is shown by the immunity of the South African Company itself. It was not as "civilizers" that the British went; it was as the servants of a money corporation, of an organized speculation, which the British government has intrusted with political powers. The raid was undertaken to transform Boer corn-fields into South African Company gold-mines. It was a raid for money, as are almost all "advances" into foreign territory, and this time there can be no pretence that the area of civilization would have been incidentally enlarged.

And yet Jameson, the hero of the ride for pelf, is not only celebrated in lines by the new poet-laureate, but is cheered by the fashionable world of London as he takes his stand in the Bow Street police court to answer to the charge of making war on a friendly power. Of course the government disowns his act, but in the fact that London makes a hero of the freebooter there is a suggestion of the reason why a British colony is an unwelcome and a dangerous neighbor to a power that is not so strong as the mother-country.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

At the bottom of all the pretended sympathy for Cuba lies the desire that the island shall be acquired by the United States. Such an addition to our territory has often been the dream of American politicians. It was the hope of the Southern leaders that they could thus add two new slave States to the Union, but it was also the firm conviction of John Quincy Adams that within half a century from the time when he was writing, 1823, "the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself." Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé declared, in the Ostend manifesto, that the "Union can never enjoy repose nor possess reliable security so long as Cuba is not embraced within its boundaries." When Buchanan was President he constantly urged the purchase of the island.

But Mr. Adams and the three prophets of Ostend were wrong. Half a century passed and 1873 came. The Cubans were engaged in a revolt against Spain which lasted ten years and came to an end in 1878. It had not been found, to quote Mr. Adams's prediction, that "the annexation of Cuba to our Federal republic was indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself." On the contrary, the most intelligent men among our politicians had begun to doubt if we wanted the island; and President Grant, under the able guidance of Mr. Fish, was demonstrating that the Cuban insurgents were not entitled to be recognized as belligerents.

The desire for annexation still prevails, but the advantages of the scheme do not present themselves so glowingly as they did in 1823 and in 1854. The annexationists are not so bold as they were, and rather hesitate to declare their ultimate desires and hopes. Many of them do not go further than to suggest that Cuba may be governed as Alaska is. But there is no one who takes an intelligent interest in public questions who does not know that the result of active interference on the part of the United States in the affairs of Cuba would be annexation.

Now annexation would mean, in the end, the admission of Cuba as a State, or perhaps as two States. The agitation for admission would begin as soon as annexation was accomplished; and as soon as one political party found itself in possession of both branches of Congress and of the Presidency, the Cuban patriots possessed of political ambition would give the party leaders the necessary assurances of loyalty, and we should have two or four Senators from Cuba to join the new Senators who are now defending the interests of their silver-mine constituents. The only bright and hopeful suggestion that can be made in connection with the proposal to admit Cuba to statehood is that such an addition to our States would greatly add to the trouble of the Sugar Trust and beet-sugar combination. From no other point of view can a good American entertain any but gloomy forebodings from the mere thought of such a purpose.

THE INSOLENCE OF PETTY OFFICE.

With all the quicksilver in the American temperament it is sluggish in directions which provoke a mild degree of wonder. In affairs which touch the daily life and comfort, the selfish interests which hug us at every turn, it may be regarded as singular if there is scarcely a trace of that sensitiveness which bleeds at a scratch in larger matters. Life is made up of little things, and the friction of trifles is responsible for a great share of human infelicity. Our own people are noted among foreigners for quickness of resentment at any fancied national slight, morbidly so in many instances, though it may end with a flash in the pan, and fizzle out with sober second judgment. Yet the same intelligent observers, bringing with them the point of view established by their own habits and regulations of living, are not less struck by American callousness and good-nature at home. They have occasion to satirize indifference to municipal and social ills bristling in unexpected forms. The citizens of New York, for example, suffered meekly for many years from sidewalks made nearly impassable by bales and boxes, or by the impudence of curb-stone traffic; from streets illegally transformed into truck-stands; from the piggish indifference of tradesmen, who swept shop rubbish into the gutters. The enforcement of law never rises higher than the level of its source.

There are some abuses scarcely amenable to law, however, to be remedied solely by increased self-respect on the part of the general public. The exaction of individual rights is sometimes inflated into bumptiousness, and becomes offensive and absurd. But the just limits are not far to seek, and such an enforcement of the "ego" is a vital condition of healthy and agreeable contact with the world. What may be called the insolence of petty office is a standard annoyance of life in big cities. Yet this rudeness of the small public servant, such as the policeman, or the street-car conductor, or the elevated railway guard, is frequently the offspring of sheer ignorance. This does not alter the situation either in the fact or the method of remedy. From such officials, selected for the most part from the uncultivated classes, we can scarcely look for the "noblesse oblige." They will demean themselves toward the public as the public permits itself to be treated, no better, no worse. The force which in England and France humanizes the custom-house officer, the policeman, or the railway guard into the suave and polite public servant is prompted less by the dread of the higher authority than by his sense of the attitude which the public assumes toward him. It is the tremendous power of sentiment not too lazy to take trouble and make trouble. Till this is quickened into working efficacy among Americans they will continue to undergo as a condition of city life the brutal assumption of the policeman or the pawing and mauling of the car official. The evil is even more marked in the treatment of the weaker sex. Refined women are often treated in public conveyances as if they were the occupants of a cattle-car, and the studied aloofness assumed by the males present points a commentary on alleged American chivalry. All these things ramify from the indisposition to spend time or effort in immediate resentment, or in further proceedings to exact punishment and create an example.

It is true that an element in the problem roots in the instinctive self-assertion fed by democratic institutions, impelling Lazarus to bristle up even before Dives, especially when Lazarus wears a brass badge. But this false growth of a noble principle would soon slough away before a determined public attitude; and the small official would come to understand that "Ich dien" is a motto no less honorable for a scavenger than for the Prince of Wales.

FAT.

It has often been a source of wonder why the policemen in the cities of America are so fat. In the older monarch-ridden countries of the world obesity is to be found on the bench of the lower magistracy. Among savages the monarchs alone are fat. Without making a scientific mystery of it, the cause of adiposity among these somewhat related classes is the same in all three—they are overfed and underworked.

A police surgeon has recently given voice to some opinions on the case of a fat policeman, a very fat policeman indeed, and thence with Machiavellian art has proceeded to formulate an essay on the fatness of policemen in general. The policeman weighed 380 pounds when the surgeon first began to observe him, but in the course of a four months' illness he dwindled to 240 pounds, and still the surgeon believed him to be too fat. We are prepared to believe it. In the course of his general remarks he makes one startling statement, namely, "The life of a policeman is at best a very inactive one." It is surprising that this should be the fact. True, observation of our individual policemen is mostly associated with seeing them leaning against lamp-posts, chatting easily with acquaintances or with each other, or else standing before some building which they are set to guard. The peculiarly imperceptible way in which they manage to get from point to point does not quite convey the idea of motion, yet when the complacent citizen thinks of the "force" as "guardians of the peace," the idea of suppleness, alertness, swiftness, arises embodied before his mind's eye in an ideal body of police. This ideal is plainly what Darwinians would call a "survival." The modern policeman in these United States has put an envelope of fat about it.

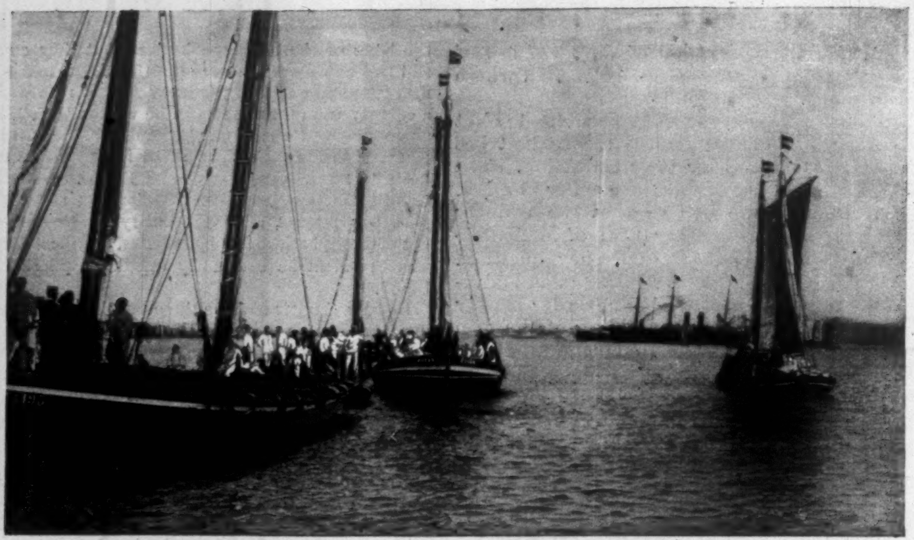
Proceeding with his general remarks, the surgeon says: "Any one can notice that as soon as a man is appointed on the force he begins to increase in weight and belt measurement, his muscles become flabby, and as a result of all this he moves more slowly than was his wont." Precisely, therefore, at the period when we imagine him smartened out of the loose conditions of civilian life, straightened by discipline, and urged by the traditions of his new calling to a foxlike activity, he is, it seems, accumulating fat and settling down into a lumbering object in uniform, with an ever-expanding belt and an ever-increasing aversion to locomotion. That a low *morale* may follow in the same ratio should not be incredible. When Shakespeare makes Falstaff apologize for his general want of moral tone, does not Sir John say, "Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty"? This plea, so far as we are aware, was not interposed even by the police themselves to meet the charges of corrupt dealing formerly urged against them in various quarters, but it is clearly worth considering.

And why should not the converse of the proposition be taken to heart? Would it not be well to guard against frailty, while giving a desirable spring to constabulary heels, by forbidding fatness on the force? There is, no doubt, some connection between mental and physical states. Without straining the point to find an intimate link between rotundity and rascality, it is a very clear proposition that the will to catch a light-footed thief is modified by the inability to run a mile, say. Exercise, such as might be had in the station-houses, combined with an order to run round their beats, say, twice a day, would be some corrective; but ultimately, as in every case of obesity without exception, fat can only be controlled by a proper dietary. Obesity has only one meaning—overfeeding.

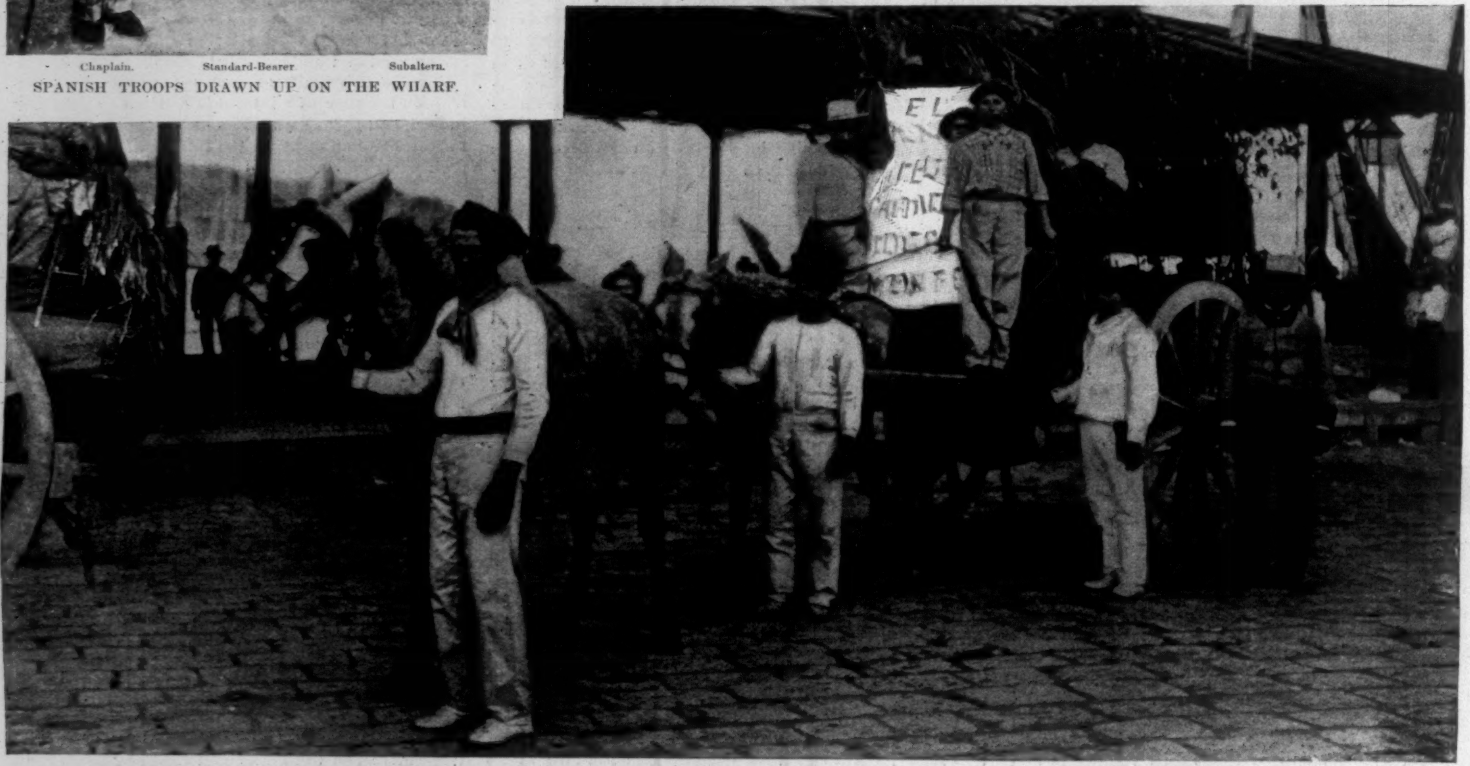
Tell that to any fat man—policeman or other—and he will be indignant. Mention it to a lady who has passed beyond the state good-naturedly indicated by that troublesome word *embonpoint*, and you may prepare to deal with hysterics; but it is most true. Fat is the superfluity of the heat-supply of the body. The policeman who has been a workman finds himself better paid than ever before and with much less to do. He eats better and richer food; he lingers longer over it. As he has no muscular exercise to take up the increased heat-supply, nature condemns him to carry it around. He grows fat. The reasoning applies to bankers, brokers, merchants, and manufacturers, to the lay and the clerical, to the "stout" lady at the opera as to the "fat lady" in the museums. It is to be hoped that the information about the police, which we have called startling, and is truly so, shall not fail of notice among those who have control in police circles, as it should not be lost on the fat or those who are fattening in any walk of life. Do not overeat.

Chaplain. Standard-Bearer Subaltern.

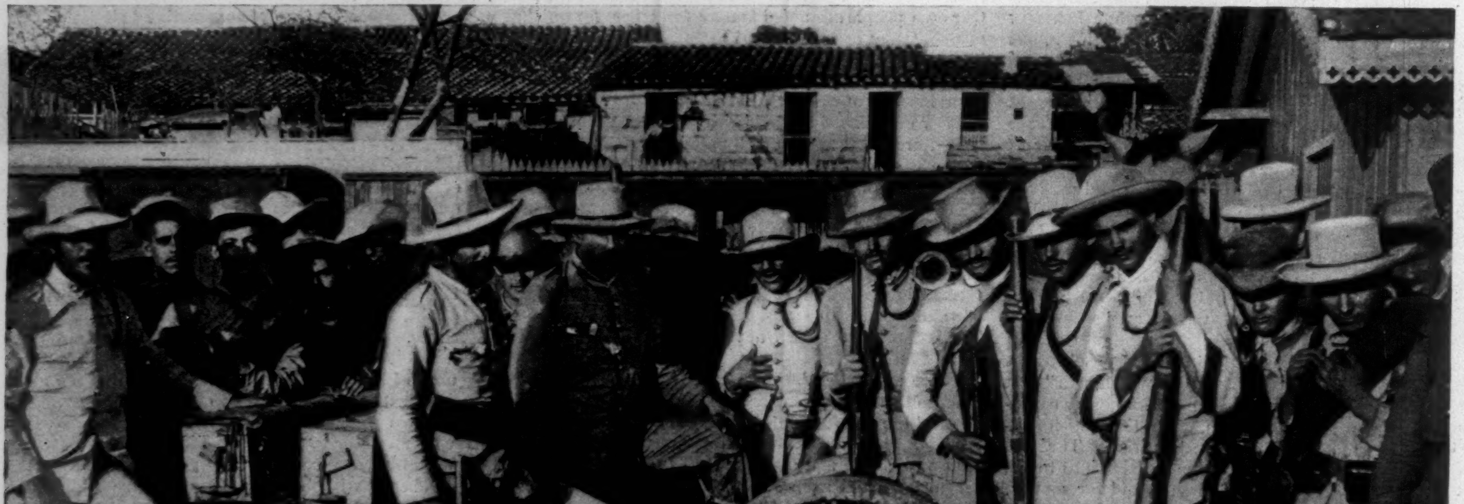
SPANISH TROOPS DRAWN UP ON THE WHARF.



LANDING THE TROOPS IN LIGHTERS FROM THE STEAMERS.



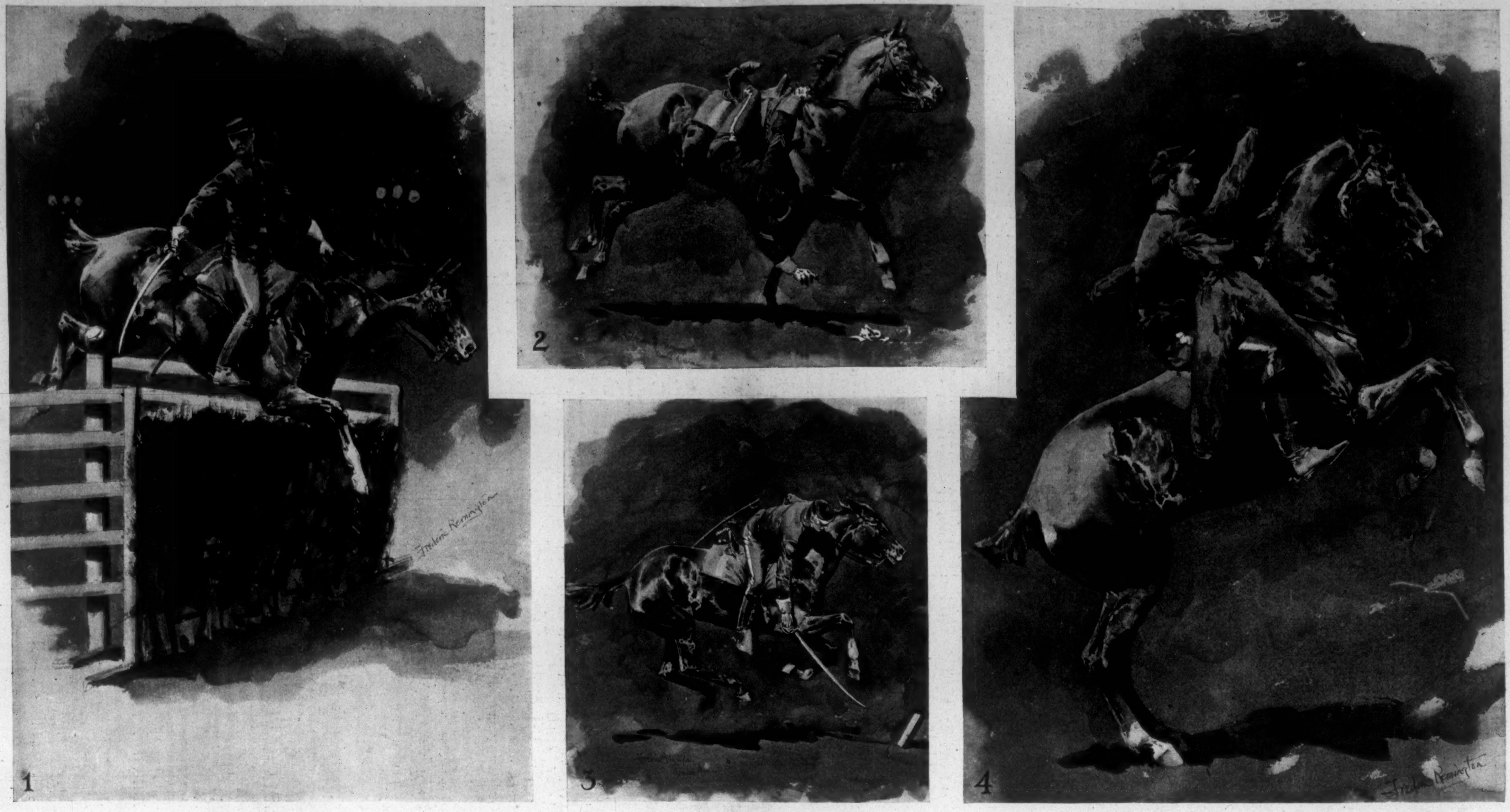
DECORATED MULE CARTS LOADED WITH CIGARS AND SANDWICHES AWAITING TROOPS ON THE WHARF.



SECTION OF ARTILLERY OF THE COLUMN OF COLONEL GALBES.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—THE ARRIVAL OF SPANISH TROOPS IN HAVANA.—[See Page 295.]

From Photographs sent by our Special Correspondent.



THE GAMES OF SQUADRON A, N. G. N. Y.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

1. Over the Hurdle with a Cut at the Leather Head. 2. Picking up the Handkerchief. 3. Tent-Pegging. 4. Manikin Race.

LIFE AND LETTERS

TWO books of different character and purpose have lately united to one effect of question with me concerning a point I have been ordinarily very secure of. I mean the growth of our literature in a spirit of nationality and independence. I have gone on thinking, and, what is worse, I have gone on saying, upon what now suddenly appears to me insufficient ground, that within the last twenty or thirty years we have been producing a body of literature which may fairly be called American, in a sense too large for our earlier work in that sort. I have fancied that we had freed ourselves, in a measure unknown before, from our awe of alien criticism, and that what we had lately written was from an impulse of our own life, without the fear or affection of any public beyond our borders, which might like or dislike what we had done without discomposing us. I do not say now that this was not all true enough in a way, but my present misgiving is that it is not true enough in every way.

> "Not only, we the latest seed of time,
> New men, that in the flying of a wheel,
> Cry down the past,"—

are the very Americans; but there were Americans as zealous and as strenuous for the free effect of our national life in literature almost from the beginning. It may be that if we have any superiority over our literary forebears it is in our wish to be so perfectly national that we shall be unconsciously so; but I am afraid that our profoundest indifference still looks out of the corner of its eye to see how England will take it. We may ignore transatlantic opinion, but we like to have critics beyond seas know that we ignore them.

I.

Naturally, with the doubt whether we have the virtue in question has come the doubt whether it is a virtue; and that doubt I shall not attempt to solve. Much might be said to prove that an unswerving nationality in literature is a vice rather than a virtue; and I myself have at times had my fears that it is of a piece with the patriotism which loves one's country right or wrong. It seems to be inherent with me to hate my country when it is wrong, to find it detestably false and recreant; and in like manner my tastes refuse their allegiance to a poem, or a history, or a novel, or a volume of essays, merely because it is American. This is not a thing I should like to say openly, but I have no reluctance to own that if I find an American book good I am prouder of it than I should be if it were a British book. So far I am Jingo to the heart, and I have been getting a good deal of consolation from the perspective of American literature which Mr. Brander Matthews has arranged for the use of youth in schools, because it ministers to my national pride in this way. By means of his arrangement we are enabled to see at a glance that we have done from the beginning, almost, things out of our own life which are not contemptible when tried by any standard. In literature we are, as I had the misfortune to say once before, a condition of the English race, and there is nothing more noticeable in the characteristics of the great Americans whom Mr. Matthews urges upon the acquaintance of their young countrymen than the fact that they are of English race and are one in kind with the home-keeping wits who have in the same hundred years perpetuated and extended the glories of the same tongue. Franklin, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, Parkman: what are they all but Englishmen rooted in another soil and blossomed in another air? They who were in nothing British, and whose entire work was a revolt from the narrowness and provinciality, the philistinism and banality which Mr. Matthews uses that word to suggest, have in virtue of being English done far more to Americanize English thought than has ever been recognized. It would not be surprising if a subtler scrutiny than has yet been made would show that their influence in the great English-speaking, English-thinking world was far greater than a part of that world, neither so conscious nor so generous as ours, would own. If British literature, especially British criticism, has moulded the minor mind among us, I believe that the finer and nobler thought of Englishmen has been in almost equal measure moved by our great writers.

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews. American Book Co.

II.

But the fact will not be known till the day of judgment, probably, and the British will be quite capable of denying it, then; so that for the purposes of the present inquiry (I like to call it an inquiry; it gives so much dignity), it is more profitable to note how continentally American our native English authors have always been. There was no strain of provinciality in their work or in their minds, and no living writer surpasses them in nationality, in representativity. It is in fact quite humiliating to find that we cannot hope to go beyond them in Americanism, and Mr. Matthews's book, in constantly enforcing this fact would be altogether discouraging if it did not do so much to hearten us with a true sense of the greatness of our native republic of letters. He teaches us, tacitly if not explicitly, in his view of our literature, that if we wished to be English the only hope for us would lie in being as American as possible; and he shows that in the past, as in the present, literature has been a livelihood as well as a life with Americans; that even in the gross material sense we have had authors as purely devoted to authorship as any other people. We are apt to think, in looking at the past, that letters were only a secondary affair with our writers, and that they had to give their best energies to journalism, to pedagogy, to law, to commerce. But this was no truer then than it is now; and with most of our representative writers it was not true at all. Irving, Cooper, Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Parkman, Motley, Prescott, all gave themselves wholly to literature, and Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes gave themselves primarily.

In fact, while journalism was scarcely a profession among us before the middle of the century, literature was a profession almost from its beginning; and it is very doubtful if any English names are more widely known than the names of some Americans whose material success was commensurate with their fame. It is true that formerly, as at present, few Americans have lived well, or lived solely by letters; but in this they have not differed from the writers of any other nation in any other day.

III.

I suspect, in fact, that the ideal literary life has never been more perfectly lived out than by three Americans of widely differing epochs, conceptions, and fortunes: I mean Irving, Emerson, and Bayard Taylor. I will not speak of the first and second of these more than to remind the reader that Emerson meditated a not thankless muse beside the Concord in simpler circumstance as strictly as Irving beside the Hudson, the Thames, and the Xenil; but I should like to dwell at a little greater length upon the career, as distinctively literary, of the youngest and latest of the trine. It has been brought freshly to mind by Mr. Smyth's very pleasant, modest, and sufficient biography, which I read with pathos for the struggles it recorded, and for the untimely death that closed the tale, but not without consolation from the faithful pursuit of an exalted purpose and the constant devotion to a generous ambition which, I think, the life of Bayard Taylor singularly illustrated.

American Men of Letters. Bayard Taylor. By Albert H. Smyth. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

I do not see how any career could have been more entirely literary than his. From first to last he desired solely to make himself known in the world of letters. It is true that he most wished to be known as a poet, and that in the mean time he had to earn his living by writing travels, reviews, novels, and newspaper and magazine articles, and that he lectured far and near, and came and went upon long and fatiguing tours for that purpose. He worked very hard always, but always upon designs more or less related to his great design of distinguishing himself as a poet, and finally he did so distinguish himself. He is now, less than twenty years after his death, known chiefly as a poet. He put a great deal of poetry (he could not help it) into all his works. But his early books of travel, which established his reputation, are no longer read, and his later books of travel have followed them to the shelves of libraries. His novels are nearly as quite forgotten; his reviews are as extinct as his lectures. But his verse remains and embodies his liberal and most lovable presence to this time and to after-time.

The fact is indeed a very notable proof that what a man tries hard to do, that he accomplishes if he has skill and gift for it. Bayard Taylor had both of these for poetry, and his poetry remains. I do not mean that it all remains, or will remain; but I do mean that in any story of our literature his place as a poet is secure. His place as a poet is secure in the hearts of all lovers of poetry, by at least virtue of three or four pieces which are most distinctly and entirely his own; and I do not believe that his version of Faust, so wonderfully faithful to the original as to seem a parallel inspiration, can ever be superseded, much less forgotten.

He could not foresee the accomplishment of his heart's desire; in the midst of his toils and trials he thought himself defeated. He died and left much undone that he had hoped to do. So his story is pathetic; but if we view his life outside of his consciousness—outside of his discouragements, which were many but by no means continuous—it was one of very brilliant triumphs and of enduring success in the way he most longed to succeed. It is not given to many literary men to enjoy in their prime the beautiful fame that came early to Bayard Taylor. He richly merited the pecuniary ease his hard work won; and if later a pinch came which the custom of that ease made sorer, it was no mean fortune to end as United States Minister to a first-class power in Europe, with a renown that was the scholarly confirmation of the popular verdict.

IV.

Taylor did essentially, if not sensibly, what he wished to do. Besides, I think that he won his laurels in a time that was prettier for an author to live in than this time is. From 1850 to 1870 we had a golden age; we did not know it then, but we had it. During that period there was a great literary society in Boston, if all society was not literary there, and in New York there was a very charming literary society, as Mr. Smyth has graphically suggested by his sketches of it in the biography of Taylor. Throughout the whole country there was an interest and a pride in literature, which I fancy have not survived that happy epoch. In that happy epoch Bayard Taylor lived and flourished, and he died almost before our present interest and pride in riches surpassed our former interest and pride in letters. In his fortunate day we had a literary centre, and perhaps two literary centres; and if we had no circumference, that was more comfortable than having a vast circumference, such as we have now, and no centre; it did not make us feel so humiliatingly hollow; we could believe, with a literary centre or two, that there was something in our literature.

At that time, also, we were striving to evolve, to become a distinctive condition of the English race in literature. Our efforts were unconscious, so far as they were useful, and they were at least not so shameful as the struggles we have lately witnessed, chiefly on the part of some of our critics, editors, and publishers, to crowd our literature back into its chrysalis, to make it and to keep it British. Perhaps that grotesque and ignoble moment is also passing, or past; some hopefully think so; and perhaps since the criticism of London has now begun to rebel against the fiction of Edinburgh, there will really be some chance of our keeping our wings on.

But in any event, the most fortunate and flattering, I do not believe that there has been or ever will be a more American literature than that produced by the authors to whom Mr. Matthews has drawn the wandering attention of our youth in his book, or by Bayard Taylor and his contemporaries, whose activities and aspirations Mr. Smyth recalls in his interesting volume.

This brings me again to the point from which I started. I do not often get back to it so easily from these excursions, and I am disposed to congratulate the reader upon our safe return.

W. D. HOWELLS.

ANTON SEIDL, CONDUCTOR.

ANTON SEIDL has become one of the most familiar of all names in the musical columns of the daily papers. The frequency of its occurrence bespeaks on the part of its possessor an activity that must have more than ordinary significance. In the concert-hall and in the opera-house Mr. Seidl is constantly engaged in that peculiarly fascinating occupation which so many see and so few comprehend. Is it the Philharmonic Society that fills the auditorium with the deep yet suave sonority of a Beethoven symphony? Mr. Seidl stands at the conductor's desk and waves the bâton. Is it a Sunday night concert, with a Liszt symphonic poem as the principal number, sending its waves of throbbing harmony up among the half-lighted galleries? Again Mr. Seidl with his calm face marshals the orchestral forces. Is it a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, with the great singers of the Metropolitan Opera-house in the leading rôles? Again it is Mr. Seidl whose right arm reminds them of their vocal entrances. This constant employment must mean that the man has a special fitness for these tasks—the result of personal temperament, of special knowledge, and of long training. And, indeed, it is only as a conductor that Mr. Seidl has attained eminence in the world of music. He is not a composer, although his name is appended to some few scattered arrangements for orchestra. He is not a performer, though he does play the piano enough for his own private purposes. No, he is solely and distinctively a leader, and as such he has a reputation which stretches from his early field of Baireuth across the Atlantic and over the United States.

Mr. Seidl comes of a truly musical race, one whose folk-song has inspired some of the most characteristic composition of modern times. He is a Hungarian, and was born at Buda-Pesth on May 6, 1850. After the usual course of early studies he became a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory in 1870. After two years of earnest application there he was so fortunate as to be taken as a pupil in the art of conducting by Hans Richter, who was then directing the opera at the Hungarian capital. Under Richter Mr. Seidl began his study of the Wagner works, and also applied himself to the scores of Beethoven's symphonies. At this time Richard Wagner was engaged at Baireuth in the Herculean task of preparing for the production of the four dramas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Those who are unfamiliar with the work of building operas can hardly comprehend the formidable manual labor of writing out clear copies of the orchestral scores. Those who do, however, will not be surprised to know that Wagner sought assistance. He wrote to Richter to inquire whether that conductor knew any young musician who would answer his purpose. Richter at once recommended Seidl, and advised him to go to Baireuth, as that would be an admirable school for him.

Mr. Seidl accepted the new post, and from the latter part of 1872 until 1877 he lived at Baireuth, a member of Wagner's household and an intimate sharer in the labors of the famous master. One of the enormous tasks assigned to the young musician was the making of clean copies of the scores of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung* for the engravers, in order that Wagner's own manuscript scores might not pass out of his hands. This was a task requiring an understanding of music as well as the greatest care and patience. But Mr. Seidl was required also to transpose certain instrumental parts. Wagner introduced in the *Götterdämmerung* tenor tubas, which had to be made to order to meet his requirements. He desired to obtain a certain sombre sonority in the middle voices of the brass, and none of the ordinary orchestral instruments would produce it. It appears, however, that in writing the parts for these new instruments Wagner must have been somewhat confused in his mind, for he set them in keys which would not have produced the proper effects. He therefore was obliged to have Mr. Seidl transpose these parts into the proper keys while making his copy of the score.

When it came to the rehearsals of the dramas of the "Ring," Mr. Seidl took charge of the studies of some of the principals and of those of the male chorus. He had by this time an intimate and authoritative acquaintance with the scores—an acquaintance which has given weight and conviction to all his subsequent readings of them. He knew what Wagner meant by every measure of the music, how it should be played or sung, and exactly what action should accompany it. Hence when the stage rehearsals took place, and afterward at the historical performances with which the Baireuth Festspielhaus was opened in the summer of 1876, Mr. Seidl had charge on one side of the stage of what has been called the "musical stage management." In other words, he had to see that certain things—such as the movements of the Rhine maidens, the glowing of Wotan's sword in the tree, or the flashing of the fire in Siegfried's forge—were done at the proper points in the music.

In 1878, Mr. Seidl's labors at Baireuth having been completed, he accepted an engagement as repetitor at the Vienna Opera-house, where he had charge of the stage management of *Rheingold*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*. In 1879 he was engaged as conductor of the opera at Leipsic, where again he added to his fame as an authoritative interpreter of Wagner. It was natural, therefore, that when the Nibelung dramas were to be performed for the first time in Berlin, in 1881, Wagner should insist that Seidl should be the conductor. Indeed, Intendant Hülsen, of the Royal Opera, refused to produce the tetralogy because Wagner insisted on having Seidl conduct. Hence the work was brought forward at the Victoria Theatre, under the management of Angelo Neumann, and Wagner himself was present.

In the following year Mr. Seidl conducted the performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, and in 1883 and 1884 he travelled with Neumann's Nibelung Theatre in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Austria, and Hungary, conducting more than 130 performances. In 1885 he was conductor at the Bremen Opera-house, and while there he married Fräulein

Kraus, a popular soprano of the company. Meanwhile Dr. Leopold Damrosch had died, and the conductor's chair at the Metropolitan Opera-house was vacant. The directors wisely selected Mr. Seidl to be his successor. He made his first appearance here on the opening night of the season, November 23, 1885, conducting *Lohengrin*. He continued to be the principal conductor of the Metropolitan Opera-house as long as German opera was given there. The extent and importance of his labors may be judged from the fact that in the last five years of German opera there were 128 performances of Wagner's works, most of them conducted by Mr. Seidl. It should be recorded also that he directed the first performances in America of *Die Meistersinger*, January 4, 1886; *Tristan und Isolde*, December 1, 1886; *Siegfried*, November 9, 1887; *Die Götterdämmerung*, January 25, 1888; and *Das Rheingold*, January 4, 1889.

This is the record of a considerable activity, and of one that was a potent factor in the development of that improved public taste which followed in the path of grand opera in German. But Mr. Seidl made his influence widely felt in the concert world. He organized the Metropolitan Orchestra, with which his name was identified for several years, and with it gave some of the most stimulating orchestral entertainments of the last ten years. They were stimulating not simply because Mr. Seidl showed great sympathy with various non-Teutonic schools of music, especially the French, but also because he read the more dramatic of Beethoven's symphonies in a manner which betrayed the powerful influence of Beethoven's most profound admirer, Richard Wagner. There was a time when Mr. Seidl's interpretation of these familiar classics stirred up a genuine tempest in a teapot, and to this day the critics cannot often pass them by without some protest.

In Brooklyn some enthusiastic women formed a society, named it after Mr. Seidl, and engaged him to conduct its concerts, which in time became the chief features of Brooklyn's musical season. This led to his conducting summer concerts at Brighton Beach, where most excellent music has been discoursed in the coolness of the sea-breezes. When Theodore Thomas accepted the offer of certain Chicagoans and went to the great lake city to conduct its now noted orchestra, the Philharmonic Society of this city was left without a musical director. The august senate of orchestral players at once elected Mr. Seidl to the vacant chair, and he made his first appearance as conductor of the Philharmonic on November 20, 1891. Since his assumption of the bâton he has made the programmes of the society somewhat more progressive than they formerly were, but no one is more alive than Mr. Seidl to the necessity of maintaining a certain amount of conservatism and keeping before the public the masterpieces of the great classic composers. When Messrs. Abbey & Grau last spring decided to introduce performances of opera in German into their series this winter, they engaged Mr. Seidl as conductor of the German works, and he resumed his seat in the Metropolitan Opera-house on November 22d, conducting *Lohengrin*.

Mr. Seidl lives in East Sixty-second Street, not far from Park Avenue, in a handsome brownstone house, of which the drawing-room is crowded with evidences of his calling and his tastes. On one wall hang large portraits of three great Germans—Bach, Bismarck, and Beethoven. Two or three striking pictures of Wagner hang on the opposite side of the room, while two of the corners contain large busts of Wagner and Beethoven, flanked by handsome wreaths and streamers presented to the conductor after some of his recent achievements. Two massive silver cups testify to the solidity of the admiration of his music-loving friends. The grand piano stands ever open, and no day goes by that is not marked by some serious study at home. Yet Mr. Seidl is a man of very little leisure, for there are rehearsals by day and performances by night that make great drains on his energy, and give a high value to a little house in the Catskills to which the director retreats in the leisure days of early summer.

The success of Mr. Seidl is unquestionably due in a great measure to the authoritative nature of his Wagnerian readings. While it is not true that he is only a Wagner conductor, it is undeniable that in that master's music he is at his best, by reason of keen sympathy as well as of absolute knowledge. But Mr. Seidl is a man of high ideals and ceaseless aspiration. He takes his art very seriously, and devotes to it the best thought of a naturally studious mind. He possesses in a high degree the analytic and synthetic faculties of a conductor, and he has the necessary firmness to command. He looks little enough like an enthusiast, with his calm, contemplative countenance, yet no man has ever developed with more splendid power the mighty climaxes of such scenes as the last of *Die Walküre* and *Die Götterdämmerung*. Mr. Seidl is not a satisfied man. The conditions of haste and imperfect preparation under which orchestral concerts and operatic performances are attempted here discourage and hamper him. It would, indeed, be a treat to hear such results as he would produce if he could have his own desire—"a fine orchestra and as many rehearsals as you need."

W. J. HENDERSON.

MR. BIGELOW AND THE G.A.R.

IN view of some hostile criticism by a South Dakota Grand Army post touching a parenthetical observation by Mr. Bigelow in a recent article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, that gentleman sends us the following:

Is it possible that the Grand Army of the Republic, of South Dakota, hold me guilty of having called all men swindlers who drew pensions! God forbid! I called those men swindlers who drew pensions when they had not deserved them. Are there any such in South Dakota? I hope not; and if there are none there then let them rest assured that nothing over my signature shall ever discourage a grateful country from offering pensions to the men who have risked life and property in her defence.

New York is sadly behind South Dakota, however, in public virtue, for here are several citizens cheerfully drawing pensions without having ever seen a battle-field or worn Uncle Sam's uniform. These and such as these disgrace our country in the eyes of the world, and make us pay more for our military establishment than the whole of Germany with its half-million men under arms. The very men who should have raised their hands to protect Uncle Sam have connived in robbing him, and many a Congressman has curried favor with the worst class of voters by endorsing applications for pensions which he must have known to be swindles pure and simple.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE ARRIVAL OF SPANISH TROOPS IN HAVANA.

WITHIN the past ten days nearly eighteen thousand soldiers from Spain have landed on the island of Cuba. These are for the most part mere boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty—raw recruits who scarcely know how to load and fire a gun. To see these youthful faces as they arrived fresh from their homes, their mothers and sisters, and contemplate that many of them would never see their native land again, was sad indeed. As I stood in front of the palace watching some of the first battalions march by, I wondered whether the apparent want of enthusiasm on the part of the spectators was caused by these thoughts, or because the majority of the spectators were Cuban sympathizers. Occasionally some one would cheer for Spain, but the feeble response was disheartening.

Day after day the ships have arrived from Spain. So marked had been the indifference shown by the general public that finally the more patriotic citizens determined to give the remaining troops a heartier welcome. One of the suburban streets of Havana, known as the Calzada del Monte, was gorgeously decorated with red and yellow, the national colors of Spain, and pasteboard arches and tribunes were erected and bedecked with flags and palms. A commission was appointed to receive the soldiers, and the storekeepers whose shops were on this street contributed to a general fund for the purpose of making them presents. The ship bringing the last battalions arrived last Saturday. Decorated mule carts loaded with sandwiches, cigars, and cigarettes were sent from the Calzada del Monte to meet the soldiers as they landed from the barges. Each soldier was given one silver dollar, a Spanish sandwich, some cigars and cigarettes. Then they were required to march through the city and up the suburban street, where every attempt was made to show some enthusiasm over the arrival of these defenders of the country. It was night when the soldiers returned from the Calzada del Monte. The streets through which they passed were thronged with people. Rockets and fire-crackers were set off, and occasionally there were shouts of "Viva España!" As the last battalion passed through the park some one shouted, "*Death to the United States!*" But the majority of the people only looked at one another. Then another cried, "Death to Uncle Sam!" with about the same result.

T. R. DAWLEY, JUN.

SQUADRON A'S GAMES.

A TREMENDOUS audience turned out on a very stormy night to see the final competitions of Squadron A in its new armory. The ladies swarmed the galleries, and any trooper will "ride for a fall" when they are looking on. A brass band and a pretty girl will make a soldier brave—very, very heroic—not that the squadron needs this impetus, but Squadron A is about twenty-two years of age in the aggregate, and as enthusiastic as a house on fire. The new riding-ring is of tremendous size, black with tan-bark, well lighted—altogether quite imposing. One looking on at the quiet major who is superintending events in the ring must think that the whole creation is vastly satisfactory to him after his years of hard work. Captains Bridgeman and Badgley are by this time downright veterans, while the squadron is full of material amply competent to wrestle "shave-tails."

The games were opened by a saddling-race, in which each competitor had to blanket, saddle, mount, and ride to the lower end of the ring—saddle to be found properly adjusted at the finish. In this exercise "haste makes waste," so the troopers went about it like a cub bear picking huckleberries, and they did better.

The "manikin race" was funny. The blessed idea of the heroic rescue of the sorely wounded comrade lying weak and stiff is a bit hazy at best to the lay members of the audience, and it is all lost when the boys spur swiftly down the ring, throw themselves from their mounts, lay rude hands on the sausagelike image, and fling it savagely across the horse. The horse, too—he does not participate in the ethics of the drill; he only sees that a decent beast cannot be expected to be made a fool of by carrying such rubbish; so he begins to change ends with electric spirit; and what with a pivoting horse, a clumsy contrivance always observing the laws of gravitation, and a bit of nervousness about getting off on the troopers' part, the audience grins in cheerful expectancy.

Picking up the handkerchief from the ground at full career looks easy—that is to say, the average on-looker doesn't think he is seeing miracles performed right before his eyes—for which we gravely give thanks. What a refuge and a beneficence is this average person—to those who can do things which Mr. Averageman cannot! We are all average in most ways, but there are fewer geniuses who can pick up handkerchiefs than one would suppose after he had seen several do it. If you don't believe me, ask a commissary sergeant; he knows what soldiers pick up quickest.

A quite formidable hedge—say five feet in the clear—was arranged by the servitors. One iron-gray horse in the line of competitors said to a companion, "I'm not going to make a show of myself right before all these people; this boy will fall on my neck and spoil my stride while he tries to hit that absurd leather head with his sword"; and the iron-gray stood on his behind legs—not once, but time after time, and the boy realized that "iron-gray" was in earnest concerning his resolve not to try the hurdle. The prejudice against the venture communicated itself to the other horses, and they carromed off at sight of the obstacle. Some were ridden so hard at it that they forgot to sidle, and a gallant sergeant did the trick and had his name shouted as victor.

The tent-pegs were set in the tan-bark while the troopers bore down on them like knights of old. They prodded viciously on their arrival, but generally succeeded only in cultivating the tan-bark around the stick. Not always so safe was it, however, for the Dacoit lying in the grass, for occasionally the offending form was tossed savagely in the air, and death lay in the track of the flying troop. The bright eyes of the women up in the galleries gleamed approval on the champions; some of them were wise enough even to know when to divide their admiration for the trooper with the horse.

The mêlée was grand. Here the idea of a fight is so insisted on that even the women know at last that these soldiers are not created to be simply beautiful. The bird-cages which the combatants wear on their heads ease off feminine nerves, since they preclude any flow of claret; but the women don't know what sickly grins some of the boys drew under their masks when they got a hot wipe with a hickory stick across the back of the neck. The women also do not applaud—which is sad. There is much mystery about this cavalry business for them. The hero doesn't sing after he wipes up the villain, as he does in the opera, and the women applaud the singing and not the "wipe." But anybody can see that Squadron A's clothes fit them and that their boots glisten. The cadets on duty in the galleries dream of the day when they can draw the fire of the audience, and the Madison Avenue street-car driver told me as I lighted a cigar on his platform that "dem Troop A boys is hot stuff."

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

POLITICS EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

FROM SOME OLD-TIME DOCUMENTS.

IT was in James Madison's time, 1813–14, that a batch of papers having to do with minor political business in New York city were written, and these documents having been miraculously preserved, we have the opportunity of looking over them, and of finding out how "things were worked" in New York some eighty-odd years ago. We took as an inheritance the English methods of political jobbery, as far as the manipulation of the voter went, and these methods were not of the best. We may not know to-day what were the extenuating circumstances, even if any existed, but an examination of some of the papers is convincing that the game of politics, as the practical politician understands it to-day, comes down to him from very far back. Now what does this mean? Here is a letter with the address of a military post, written in 1813 (we were at war with England then), and signed by the captain of a certain regiment—we omit name of the post and that of the officer—which letter reads as follows: "Previous to arrival here Major —— had departed from New York with about twenty men; I have, however, made up the following men for the good of the cause. This will be handed you by Sergt. ——, of my company. There will be some expenses, which I presume the General Committee will liquidate." Then follow the names of the soldiers, who left an important military post so as to vote, and the recipient of the letter, with a lead-pencil, assigns the men to various wards in the city. There were then, as there are to-day, heavy bills for printing, and the Republican General Committee of the City and County of New York had to foot them. Here is one, of 1813, amounting to \$319 48. The items show: Posters, Circulars, Addresses, Large Bills with "Liberty and Equality" printed on them, and a bill for advertising. The General Committee were not in funds at the time the bill was presented, which was May 31, 1813, and the creditor was put off with a few payments, and it was only in January, 1817, that the balance due was receipted for by the printer. The General Committee necessarily had to have a headquarters, and the proprietor of a house of entertainment sends in a bill for \$244 68¾, wherein are to be found the charges for hire of rooms. The cost of a room for the day is from \$2 to \$3, and for a day and a night \$5. Here is a special item: "The Tammany Room, \$6." Generally what the members drank finds its charge under the head of "Sundries." Occasionally "Sundries" is left out—as, "9 qrts Beer, \$1 12½," and "one large pitcher of beer, 50 cents," and "2 large pitchers of beer, \$1." The meetings were constant, the night sessions continuous. The entire bill, even to the three-quarters of a cent, it may be said to the credit of the committee, was paid, May 24, 1814, and duly receipted for by Martling & Cozzens. The committee must have had in charge the voters on Long Island, for here is a Sag Harbor bill of 1814: "To the hire of 2 waggons for the purpose of carrying up the electors to East Hampton, £1.10.0." The old method of using the English form for money is often repeated in these papers, and in a charge made for taking care of the Republican Citizens of Colour, we find, "for nourishments, £0.16," which was not too much when the total was £42.18.0. A really delightful letter is this one, replete with enthusiasm. It runs as follows:

NEW YORK, *Nov. 25th* 1813.

SIR. This moment affords
Me Great satisfaction and pleasure
to think our Ships Crew are
growing larger Every time we
hoist the Broad pendant and
we have a Good Crew now
fit for Duty and we now are
Determined never to give
up the Ship until Death
I hope to Be your
Most Obedient
——

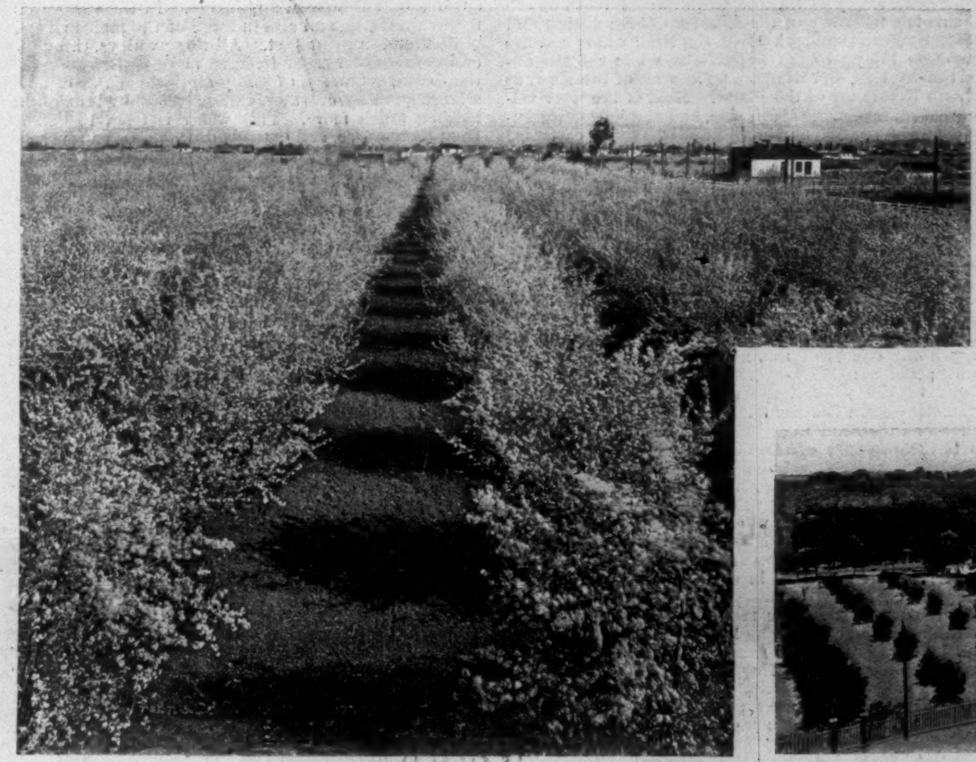
The writer of this missive was the "Sec. of the Republican Standing Committee," and with proper patriotism he repeated James Lawrence's last words, and those words will always resound in an American's heart. There are to be found in the papers numerous rough draughts of resolutions. At that time the Mayor of New York was Jacob Radcliff, but he seems, as was natural, to have had his enemies, and so the question is mooted as to the changes to be made in the immediate future. The business of assessments was general, and the call for contributions in money constant. A great many people gave their hundred dollars for the use of their party. There is a list, however, of those who promised to pay, but from whom no money could be obtained. There is a voucher for every bill paid, and certainly the treasurer of the Republican party in New York County and New York city in 1813–14 was a careful and honest man and a hard worker.

B. P.

TROUBLES IN ARMENIA—WAGON TRAIN OF ARMENIAN REFUGEES ATTACKED AND WRECKED BY KURDS IN A MOUNTAIN PASS NEAR THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.

Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

BILLOWY FOOT-HILLS COVERED WITH PRUNE ORCHARDS.



PRUNE ORCHARD IN BLOOM.

A PRUNE-TREE.

A VIEW IN THE VALLEY.

DRYING, CURING, AND PACKING PRUNES.

A PARADISE OF PRUNES, SANTA CLARA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.—[See Page 302.]

REDEMPTION OF THE PLAINS.

BY ROBERT HAY.

I.

A PART of the United States amounting to nearly one-fifth of the whole area is very imperfectly understood in the other parts of the country. It is that region east of the Rocky Mountains stretching to the eastern frontier of the Dakotas, east central Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, and including a large part of Texas. It forms the greater part of the slope of the western part of the Mississippi Valley, and has parts of the Gulf and the arctic slopes. A large proportion of this great area is deficient in rainfall, and so the whole has been condemned as an arid desert or a semi-arid waste good only for pasturage. If to be arid means that there is less than ten inches of average annual rainfall, then no part of this region is arid. But much of it comes near that definition. In eastern Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming the annual average is, in large areas, from eleven to fourteen inches, while further east there are limited areas where in 1882–3 there were not three inches in thirteen months, and in 1894 from four to seven inches in nine months. That there are such great deficiencies sometimes, and yet that the average keeps well in the teens, and in some parts west of the 100th meridian exceeds twenty inches, indicates that some years there is a much greater amount. Thus fourteen years' average at Dodge City, Kansas, was a fraction over twenty inches, but the *range* in those years was from over thirty-five to below eleven inches.

The term *semi-arid* may be properly allowed, then, to describe this region, and as the deficient years are more numerous than those of excessive rainfall, as a matter *of time* it may be conceded that the region is *more than half* arid. But this is more than ought to be said of the whole region. It will be mainly true west of the 100th meridian, but east of the 99th neither as a matter of time nor of area is it correct to say that it is semi-arid. Crops of some kinds can there be had three years in five with ordinary farming. The agricultural experiment stations are showing that some crops are better than maize and wheat, and when the lesson has been well learned the strip between 97 and 100 will cease to be considered as part of the arid region in any sense. In this paper general expressions will not include anything east of the 99th meridian, though to some areas always, and to other areas sometimes, the points made may be applicable.

The region under discussion in its widest dimensions is, as already mentioned, nearly one-fifth of the area of the United States. With our constantly increasing population it cannot be seriously contemplated that this vast area shall be used only for a precarious pastoral industry, which will be as disastrously affected by the irregular rainfall as would agriculture. In 1880, and again in 1894, cattle were driven over one hundred miles to obtain the grass due to local showers. This *semi-arid* region is a fighting-ground. The white race is here having a contest with the forces of nature. The years of abundant rainfall have shown that the soil, in color and texture unlike the soils of other regions, is of unlimited fertility, yielding as much as fifty-five bushels of wheat to the acre on the 101st meridian, and other crops in proportion, according to length of season and the altitude of various parts. To the writer the issue of this contest is in no way doubtful. The white man will win! The road may be devious and strewn with the fallen, but a knowledge of the conditions of the struggle and perseverance in its application will make the victory sure, and that at no distant date. The struggle may be considered as having three parts:

a. Acquisition of knowledge of the conditions.

b. Utilization of the favorable conditions.

c. Circumvention or modification of the unfavorable conditions.

With a discussion under the first of these heads the first part of this paper will be occupied.

The region we are considering has rightly been denominated *The Plains*, or *The Great Plains*. In technical phrase it might be called a table-land or plateau, or a series of such plateaus, as its height is everywhere over a thousand feet, except some parts belonging to the arctic or Gulf slope, and unless specifically mentioned those parts will not be herein considered. The description of the surface that would be most extensively correct in this region—correct in large parts of Dakota and Wyoming and in all the States to Texas—would be to call it a *gently rolling prairie*. It is *one plain*, yet parts of it are plains, and locally called also *tables*. With this thought of its *unity*, the traveller across it in any direction would be constantly occupied with thinking of the exceptions he finds and the diversity that is met with. The most important exception is the region of South Dakota and Wyoming, known as the Black Hills, which are a complete mountain system on a small scale pushed up through and surrounded by the plains. There are smaller examples of this complete mountain type in the same region, of which Bear Butte is a notable illustration. The Washita Mountains in the Indian Territory form another similar variation. In discussing the general plains problem these may be omitted.

The largest kind of variation in the plains themselves is, however, that caused by *the trenches cut into the body of the plains by the great rivers that come from the mountains* and find their way in long channels to the Gulf of Mexico. These streams are the Missouri, Yellowstone, Cheyenne, North Platte, South Platte, Arkansas, Canadian, and Rio Grande del Norte. The trenches of these, considered as *plains* rivers, are deep. The Canadian in northern Texas is three to four hundred feet below the plains level, the North Platte on the 102d meridian has its valley four hundred feet deep, while the Missouri near where it leaves South Dakota has its trench nearly six hundred feet deep. The Arkansas is noticeable as having a much shallower valley. This is explained in most of its course by the fact that it has been much deeper, but has been refilled with much alluvial débris.

The deep trenching of the mountain river valleys on the plains gives us also a deep trenching of the numerous local tributaries, whose comparatively short valleys and close proximity have resulted in making a very broken country, so that for long distances in certain directions the plains character is entirely lost sight of, or only recognized when on some long promontory or lonely butte which overlooks the top of the broken region. The most marked examples of these irregularities are in the valleys of the Mouse River and the lower Yellowstone, the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, the Cheyenne and the White River, and in the valley of the Medicine River in Kansas. To some extent, every valley of the plains also illustrates this characteristic.

Some of the tributaries of the great rivers are themselves streams of considerable length, and many of them are trenched deeper in their upper courses than are the mountain streams on the plains. The Red River of Texas and the White River of Nebraska both cut down their channels to nearly a thousand feet below the plains level. Of these longer tributaries it is important to note that they are not mountain streams as to their origin. *They have their source, course,* and *outlet on the plains.* In the following description these will be called distinctively *rivers of the plains* or *plains rivers*, while the others will be called the mountain rivers. The principal *plains rivers* are Little Missouri, White River, Niobrara or Running Water, the Loup Rivers, the Frenchman, the Republican, the Smoky Hill, the Whitewoman, the Medicine, and the Red River of Texas. These, too, have tributaries, and some of them are themselves tributaries of others before entering the main artery of the Mississippi Valley. Thus the Medicine is a tributary of the Arkansas, the Solomon and the Saline run to the Smoky Hill, the Prairie Dog and the Frenchman belong to the Republican, while the Republican, Smoky Hill, and Blue are tributaries of the Kaw, as the Loup Rivers are of the Platte. Most of the river valleys are steepest on the south side, and the longer confluents come in on the north, while all have an eastward trend. This flow of the rivers indicates a general slope of the surface east and by south, and there is consequent increment of elevation westward. This is as true of the high rolling prairie in the interfluvial spaces as of the river valleys themselves. This increment of elevation is an important factor in the climate. There is mountain altitude without mountain forms. In the mid-plains region between the 102d and 103d meridians the elevation is equal to that of the highest parts of Scotland. Advancing farther into Colorado and into Wyoming, the plains have the altitude of Mount Washington. As we go south the effects of this altitude are modified by the latitude; going north they are intensified, and in other respects besides rainfall the climate is properly called continental—one of extremes.

Another important item in the topography of the region is the presence of sand dunes. These are in positively large, but relatively small, areas. It is possible to journey to the mountains without seeing much of them, while on other routes they would be painfully conspicuous. The telling of sand-hill experiences by early travellers served to justify the common notion that this was the great American Desert. It is a curious fact, to be hereafter referred to, that in dry years the sand-hill regions yield crops.

Let us summarize. The region under discussion is a vast rolling plain, rising from its eastern elevation of less than two thousand feet to western altitudes of from five to seven thousand feet. Deeply trenched by the great rivers and cañons of the tributaries, the plains are varied by "bad lands" in different parts, and also by areas of sand hills. The rainfall generally increasing easterly, it is only from twenty to twenty-five inches in the best parts, and in the drier regions drops to twelve or fourteen. The irregularity of the rainfall is also great, the average being everywhere largely increased and diminished. This irregularity is also greatest where the average is least. The soil is everywhere fertile, and there are grasses suited to the climatic conditions. Can the reproach of aridity be removed from this region, or from any large part of it? Can such a region be made to support a dense population? Such are the questions that confront us. An affirmative answer will be a factor in the prosperity of the whole country, a blessing to the rising generation.

II.

There remains to be mentioned one other fact in the topography of the plains which has a bearing on the water supply afterwards to be discussed. It is that on the high interfluvial spaces—the plains proper—there are numerous basinlike depressions, varying in size from one or two acres to a thousand or more. For long distances the "rolling" form of the surface is nothing but the variation from the bottom to the rim of succeeding shallow depressions. In wet seasons many of these are lakes, and the cattle—formerly the bison—tramp them. In dry seasons the winds sweep them, and their depth is maintained or increased. In northwestern Nebraska these basins are a conspicuous feature; they are noticeable in Colorado, Kansas, and Texas. They are sometimes found to form a line in the direction of the general slope of the country, south of east, and the lowest one has its lower rim broken, so becoming the head of a drainage channel—a sandy arroyo, to become in its turn a river-bed further down. Sometimes the highest of a series of basins has its rim broken by head-water erosion of a ravine having its outlet in the opposite direction, thus giving one of the phenomena of interlocking drainage. Most of these basins have no surface outlet for the waters that they may hold in wet seasons, and some are of great size and have drainage channels running into them. One, the most noticeable, is that marked on the maps near Scott City, Kansas, into which the channel of the Whitewoman, coming a hundred miles out of Colorado, debouches.

If this region, with its valleys, ravines, and basins, and its deficient rainfall, is to become to any large extent an agricultural region, and support a reasonably large population, it must be by irrigation. The question then becomes very pertinent, "Where will you obtain the water, and, when obtained, will it be sufficient for a large part of this area?" It seems to be a natural solution to say that the streams fed by the melted snows of the western mountains will give a large supply, and this is what is to be depended upon for the reclamation of the plains. This is, however, erroneous. The supply of mountain water, though furnishing the immense volumes that course down the channels of the Big Horn, the Missouri, the two Plattes, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande, is relatively small. When it is all utilized it is doubtful whether any of it, except in the mountain river valleys, will reach lands more than fifty miles from the foot-hills. The usually dry channel of the South Platte in Nebraska and of the Arkansas in Kansas testify to the amount of water used for irrigation in Colorado within a short distance of the mountains. The construction of vast reservoirs in the mountain valleys and vast ditches just east of the foot-hills will make that region a productive area, but scarcely touches the problem of the plains, except to make sure that no water of the mountains shall be available for irrigation of the plains proper.

For the plains region, then, the problem is threefold, relating to parts having marked topographical features. These are the bottom-lands of the valleys, the slopes of the valleys and ravines, and the rolling prairie of the uplands. Of the second it may be said that a comparatively small portion only will ever be irrigated. The more the lands approach the "bad-land" type the less area can be utilized; but even here some will be utilized, as we shall see further on.

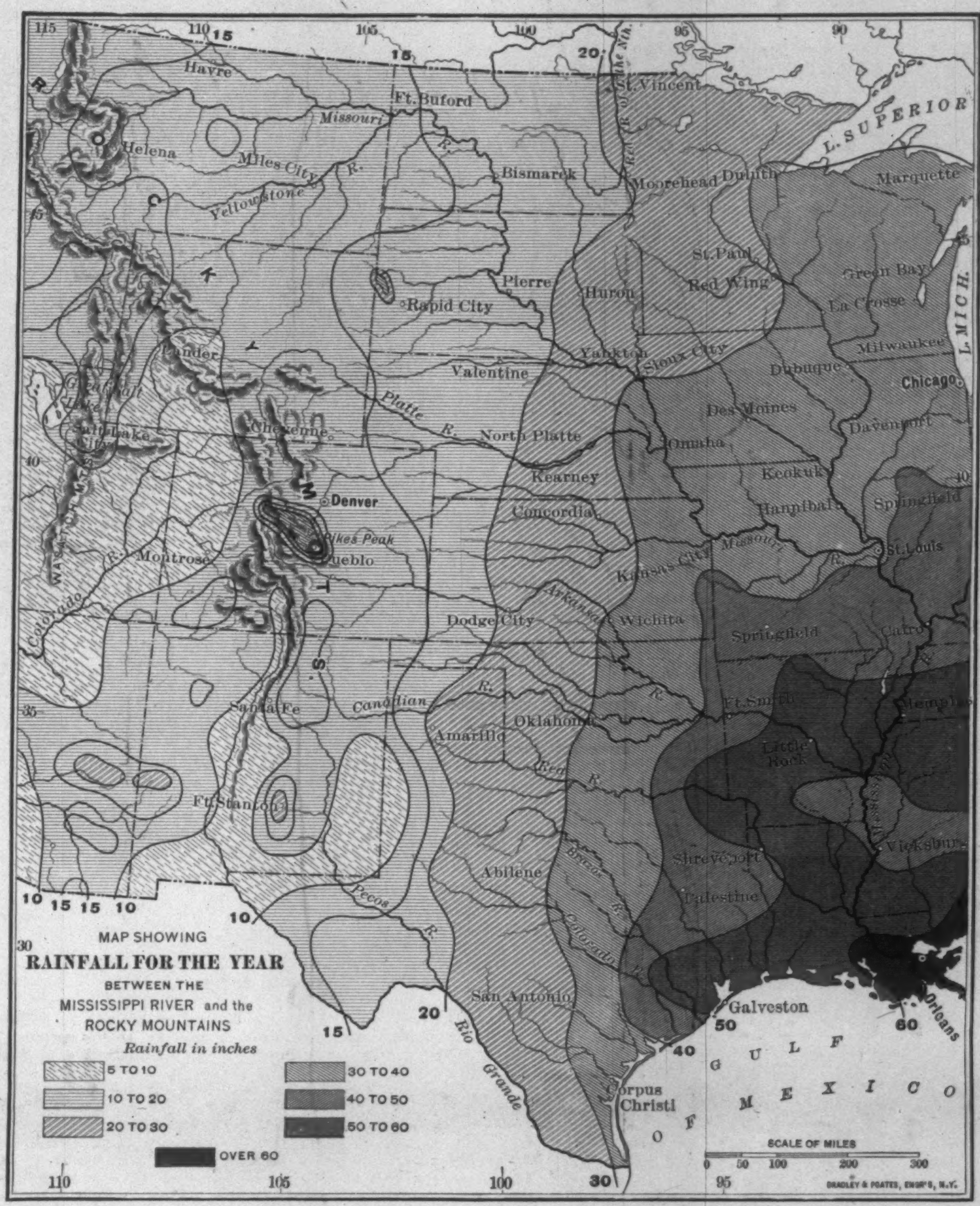
On the upland plains and the smooth river bottoms what water is used for irrigation will mostly come from underground. What has been called "the mighty underflow of the plains" will have to be tapped and raised to the surface by mechanical appliances. In the valleys of the mountain rivers, and also in those of the plains rivers, the underflow is a great fact. All these valleys, through several degrees of longitude, have more or less smooth bottom-lands, composed of sandy alluvia, capable of holding a large quantity of water, and underlaid by beds of gravel holding much more. This water is from 15 to 25 feet from the surface, and extends downwards as much more, in some cases to a depth of 50 or 100 feet. There is also in many of these valleys a second bottom 20 to 40 feet higher, and the water-bearing gravel extends under this, giving abundant supply to pumps at a depth of 50 to 70 feet. Practically there is water to irrigate all the bottom-lands of these valleys. The Arkansas Valley, three to five miles wide, from Hutchinson to La Junta may be one large garden; the valley of the Smoky Hill and the two Republicans each for over one hundred miles; and that of the South Platte, from Sterling to its confluence with the northern stream, may be strips of greenery by means of using the underflow. Many smaller valleys may add to this effect. This is not a theory based on imperfect observations. Its value lies in what has been already demonstrated. Near Garden City, on the Arkansas, a hundred pumping plants are now irrigating orchards, gardens, and fields of alfalfa. In the small valley of the Eagletail, a tributary of the Smoky Hill, in Wallace County, Kansas, half a dozen small areas are being irrigated in the same way; and both in Colorado and Nebraska the South Platte has illustrated its possibilities by productive orchards and alfalfa-fields thus irrigated. In the valleys of the mountain rivers some of this underflow is certainly from the mountains. In the valleys of the *plains rivers* this is not the case. The water has another source.

West of the 100th meridian, particularly in the mid-plains region—eastern Wyoming, eastern Colorado, western Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, with northern Texas—the plains proper, the rolling uplands vastly exceed in area the valley lands, and it becomes a much more important question whether any large part of these areas can be made productive by irrigation. In a large part of the uplands, probably eighty per cent. of the whole, there is a great sheet of underground water, or rather series of sheets, that in places approach in thickness and volume the underflow of the great river valleys.

A brief note of the geological structure of the mid-plains region will show the *locale* of this water. The whole region is underlaid by mesozoic strata, which are upturned in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and the Black Hills and outcrop in middle Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. The upper beds are of cretaceous age, and show in ravines and valleys of eastern Colorado and western Kansas and Nebraska. These cretaceous beds are mostly shales, and are largely impervious to water. The lower mesozoic strata to the south have beds more porous, as shown in the valleys of the Canadian and Red rivers. On the upland plains, however, from the White River to Texas, the surface is formed of an arenaceous limy clay, which has been called the "plains marl." There are few areas of the smooth plains where this is missing between the 99th and 103d meridians, and it is also conspicuous beyond these limits. On some slopes it is only a few inches thick, on others it is many feet, and on the North Platte it makes bluffs over one hundred feet high. This plains marl forms the smooth surface of the plains, and is the home of the buffalo-grass, which makes of it its compact sod. The origin of the marl goes back to late tertiary (pliocene) time, while its last developments belong to the modern age. It is a lake silt, the deposit of a series of bodies of fresh water, of which the basin lakes are the remains. It is a good soil in all its thickness, though its color is a light yellow or fawn, persistent over large areas, with local variations.

Underneath the plains marl, and in some parts without that covering, but extensively developed from the Rio Grande to the flanks of the Black Hills, are a series of older tertiary deposits of very diverse texture. They are known to geologists as Loup Fork and White River beds, and parts of them by other names. There is a persistency in the diversity of their structure. Some of them are a limy grit, like old mortar, and are known as mortar beds. Others have very little grit, and are the "native lime" of Kansas and Nebraska and the "tierra blanca" further south. Other beds are fine gravel, some all sand, and some a cemented conglomerate. The pebbles are mostly granitic, of the Rocky Mountain type. The sand and gravel being so conspicuous, and to avoid distinguishing their exact geological relations, I have called this series the *tertiary* or the *plains grit*. Taking the whole as one porous formation, it *is the water-holder of the plains*. It holds all the phreatic, or stored, waters of the uplands. Near the White River Valley, in northern Nebraska, these beds are nearly 1000 feet thick. Near the South Platte, 600 or 700 feet. On the forks of the Republican, less than 200 feet, and but slightly less in the Panhandle of Texas.

These beds of porous grit rest everywhere on the subjacent mesozoic rocks, which, being practically impervious, the lower beds of the grit contain much water. Wells sunk to this level have an abundant supply. This level is also that of springs in the ravines and valleys. There



is no permanent water in any plains stream till it has cut below the water-level of the upland wells—*i.e.*, either deep into or entirely through the plains grit. The flow of these streams is the overflow of the underground waters of the plains grit.

It must be remembered that the whole of this region has been taken up by settlers. The dry years have caused much of the country to be abandoned, thousands of quarter-sections having reverted to the government, and millions of acres going into the hands of loan companies which do not want the land. This former settlement has supplied evidence that the country can be settled, not temporarily, but permanently. Thousands of wells were dug or bored all over the plains. It was found that there was abundance of water below the surface. The depth at which it is found varies considerably, but is practically the same on each interfluvial space. That is, the upland between any two rivers will have wells of the same depth, or they may become gradually deeper as you go east or west. Thus wells on the Platte-Frenchman divide in Colorado and Nebraska increase from a little over 100 feet in the west to over 300 in the east. On some divides also the wells are deepest near the north edge of the plateau, as there the plains marl is thickest over the water-bearing grit. This gives us a region of deep wells, 300 to 400 feet, on the north edge of the table-land between the two Plattes. On the Republican divides wells are from 80 to 200 feet deep. The lesser depths obtain between the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas, and again south of the latter river.

Some of these wells, 150 to 250 feet deep, having their water lifted by wind power, have for years supplied herds of cattle and sheep with water. Some town communities and railway division stations have been supplied by steam-pumps with all the water they require. These places are scattered. Grant and Imperial in Nebraska, Cheyenne Wells, Flagler, and Holyoke in Colorado, Goodland, Sharon Springs, and St. Francis in Kansas, all testify that there is a large supply of water in the wells of the plains or of the valleys of the plains rivers.

Within the last four years the question has been raised, cannot this water be used for irrigation? It is being answered in the affirmative by actual irrigation. We have before said that irrigation of areas of five to twenty-five acres are being irrigated in the larger valleys by pumping the underflow, but the mechanical difficulty is greater on the plains, where the water has to be lifted over one hundred feet vertically. Yet there are now hundreds of farms where several acres are being irrigated by water lifted over one hundred feet. The entire problem of irrigation from deep wells is being grappled with, and the successful solution has begun.

III.

Without going further into details it may be affirmed that the visible water of the streams, with the underflow beneath their beds and under the adjacent bottom-lands, is sufficient to irrigate in the great valleys of the plains an area probably larger in proportion than is accomplished in the irrigated districts of California or Utah, and that without carrying the water far. These great valleys may become permanent gardens in the desert. This is also true of the smaller valleys to a great extent. The Running Water, the Chugwater, the Lodgepole, the Frenchman, the Republican, the Prairie-Dog, the Smoky Hill, the Cimarron, the Medicine, the Canadian, and the Red River will all have long lines of permanent fertility assured by the artificial application of water. Much of this will be done by lifting the water with ordinary pumps, centrifugal pumps, and water-elevators. It is shown that it can be done. There are examples in nearly all these valleys. It is a marked feature of the Arkansas Valley in western Kansas.

But the sum total of these areas, though perhaps amounting to 25 per cent. (a very large proportion) of the bottom-lands and second bottoms, rescued thus from frequent dearths, would be, after all, inconsiderable as compared with the whole plains region. The high prairie of the interfluvial spaces, notably from the 100th to the 104th meridian, can be supplied with water only from wells from 80 to 300 feet deep. Fortunately the districts where they are over 200 feet are not many nor extensive. There are areas where for scores of miles the wells are less than 100 feet deep; there are others where the depth is between 100 and 200 feet. Engineers of repute confidently state that mechanical difficulties in the way of lifting the water sufficient for five or ten acres from these depths are all overcome, and that at a cost that will leave a margin of profit for the careful cultivator. There are isolated experiments showing this in many parts of the plains region, but in the spaces included between the forks of the Republican and its tributaries the work done is a demonstration. In Sherman County, Kansas, and the neighboring parts of Colorado, there are upwards of a hundred areas of irrigation, from a few rods square to several acres, a few of ten acres or over. The water is lifted by wind-pumps into reservoirs from 15 or 20 feet in diameter to 150 feet square. The reservoir on the top of the ground has its contents run rapidly over one or two acres, is refilled, and next time is emptied on other land. Where the pump is large, and the wind-engine has been made purposely for irrigation, the result is also large, and pecuniarily successful. Where the pump and windmill are what were put in merely for domestic purposes, and only a garden-patch has been irrigated, the result is also highly satisfactory. In the dry season of 1894 such small irrigated gardens were the sustenance of the family. Such examples have led to a very large increase in the number of reservoirs put in and strong windmills built. The State of Kansas, by an irrigation commission appointed last year, is putting in a number of experiment stations, using different kinds of pumps, different motive powers—gasoline, steam, and wind—in different situations, with wells of different depths, to carry further the demonstration already made that a number of acres of an upland farm can be irrigated from the water that is beneath it.

The two questions involved in the irrigation of the plains uplands are now practically answered in the affirmative. Can water be lifted 200 feet at so low a cost that it will pay to irrigate with it from that depth? and is there water enough below the surface to irrigate any proper proportion of the large area of the semi-arid uplands? Saying *yes* to both these queries, it may also be said that where water is even at greater depths enough may be raised with comparatively small expense to irrigate so much land as in dry years will be a material addition to the means of subsistence of the farmer's family.

The writer has no doubt of there being enough water in the tertiary formations previously mentioned to irrigate five per cent. of the land of large parts of the Western plains. The mechanical devices for raising the water are becoming better and cheaper every year. There was never before such activity among the manufacturers of water-lifting appliances as is the case at the present time. *The volume of water and the means to lift it being assured, the redemption of the plains from the stigma of aridity is also certain.*

In saying this it must not be understood that irrigation of the uplands means the irrigation of large bodies of land in solid areas. It is absolutely true that under present conditions a family can obtain a good living from three acres of irrigated land. If a family can within itself supply the labor for the irrigation of ten acres, or even hire some help, competence and comparative wealth will be certain in a comparatively short period. The owner of 160 acres, irrigating from three to eight acres, will always produce a living and some surplus. The rest of his acres for pasture, for timber, for some grain, will give additional surplus in the good years, and his family will always have the means and leisure to give attention to mental improvement and be certain of increase of home comforts and some of the luxuries of life.

The position and volume of the subterranean waters point to the desirability of *numerous* pumping plants scattered over the plains—not *large* ones with expensive machinery. Wind is the cheapest motive power. It is abundant on the plains. These facts all suggest that small holdings, say the standard 160 acres as a maximum, worked by the owner and his family, are those that will most economically operate in the redemption of the plains.

There is, however, much land on the plains owned by great corporations—railways, mortgage-loan companies, town-site companies, and by individuals who have bought the land for speculative purposes. It is notorious that most of these would be very glad of an opportunity to unload. The general desire to redeem the plains, and the recent investigations and experiments which have demonstrated the possibility of the redemption, give these corporations and individuals the opportunity they desire. They have, however, a duty in the matter. It is their business on their own lands to complete the demonstration. Let them *show* water used for irrigation on one quarter-section, and purchasers will not only offer for that land, but for the neighboring lands similarly circumstanced. Thus, from nuclei thus established, irrigation areas will slowly extend over all the plains. It is only fair to say that some corporations with enlightened self-interest have begun to work in this direction.

In referring to the irrigation of the plains by water lifted by mechanical appliances I have not been unmindful of the *desire* for obtaining water from artesian wells. There are areas where the conditions are favorable, and where the driller has been rewarded by a splendid outflow of water. In the central part of the Dakotas there is an area of ten or twelve thousand square miles where, from several hundred feet deep, water comes to the surface with great pressure and in enormous volume, forming permanent lakes, turning mills, and irrigating thousands of acres. A similar area of deep artesian wells of great volume is found in the Fort Worth-Waco part of Texas. The Dakota area will probably be extended west of the Missouri River, and the Texas area may also have a western extension, but there seems to be no other such areas on the plains. In the valley of the Red River of the North there are artesian wells of small depth, having their supply of water in gravels of the glacial age. In the Yellowstone Valley of Montana there are also some shallow flowing wells from sandstones of late cretaceous age. In the Arkansas Valley, and also a little further south, near the 102d meridian, there are a few feebly flowing wells from early cretaceous rocks at from 300 to 600 feet deep. There is also an area of barely twenty square miles in Meade County, Kansas, in which a good supply of running water is given to a large number of wells from 50 to 150 feet deep. The water is used for irrigation. This is the only area, so far known, where the water of the tertiary rocks of the plains exists in artesian conditions. The deeper-seated rocks have been drilled to various depths at Oberlin, Kansas, Cheyenne Wells (1770 feet), and Akron, Colorado, without giving encouragement to the expectation of finding deep-seated artesian water on the plains. The main reliance of the semi-arid uplands must be on pumping the abundant sheet water of the plains tertiary formations.

Where the slopes from the uplands to the valleys are steep there is abundance of material and numerous sites for the construction of dams to retain water in reservoirs. The eastern part of the arid region has more facilities of this sort than west of the 101st meridian, and the rainfall is greater. In this region the storage of storm waters in reservoirs will be an important factor in the irrigation of slopes and valleys.

From these sources of supply and these methods of application of water—the use of stored storm water, the use of such artesian wells as exist or may be found, the mechanical lifting into reservoirs on the surface of the deep sheet waters of the uplands, the lifting of the underflow of all the valleys, diversion into ditches of the waters of the springs and streams—from and by all these as large a proportion of the area of the plains can be irrigated as that of any irrigated country in the world, and so it may support a large population that before many decades of the twentieth century have run out will be counted by decades of millions. There will be prosperous and happy and civilized rural communities, many thriving towns on every meridian, and several large cities, in all of which all the forces of civilization will have full play, and the States of the plains will be the focus of the power and wealth of our country. The Eastern States will not be less wealthy or populous than now, but the Western slope of the great central valley will be vastly more so.

RABBIT-HUNTING—"HOLEI

OLED!"—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

A PARADISE OF PRUNES

EAT plenty of fruit, say the doctors, and, other things being equal, longevity is secured.

"Plenty of fruit," echoes Hygeia, as she fills to overflowing her bowl with its choicest juices for the delectation of the children of men.

"Few dried fruits retain their succulence like the prune, which has a nutritive value peculiarly its own," says a modern scientific socialist who "loves his fellow-men."

"Mind thee, dear," said a Swedish mother, "when thy lips need a settled expression of gentleness and sweetness, obtain it by repeating in rapid succession the word 'prunes, prunes, prunes.'"

With such a weight of testimony to the peculiar value of even one species of fruit, it is a cause of congratulation upon the increase of human knowledge and pomological production that in California, "the land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers," is a valley known as Santa Clara, which contains more than one-half of all the prune-trees in America, and whose output of that valuable fruit dried last year was forty millions of pounds.

The visitor to the California department of the Columbian Exposition was confronted, when he entered it, by the image of a horse with a knight in full armor mounted thereon, both horse and knight made of dried prunes. Few could appreciate the significance of the strange symbol, but it represented an amount of industry, sagacity, prosperity, and beauty of which the untravelled masses know nothing.

When men's hearts have failed them because of the worried depression throughout the land, when hay, grain, horses and cattle, and even silver seem as hard to sell as to obtain at a living price, it is a cause for thanksgiving that the marvellous orchards of Santa Clara Valley never fail to yield their harvest, and that from its fertile soil is produced a larger income than from any other territory of equal area on the face of the globe. Not inaptly is the Santa Clara Valley coming to be regarded as "The Garden of the World."

The county of Santa Clara, containing in round numbers one million acres of land, is situated about the centre of the State (counting north and south). It is fifty miles south of San Francisco, with which it is connected by three lines of railroad, and is within thirty miles of the Pacific Ocean.

The celebrated Lick Observatory, on the summit of Mount Hamilton; the Leland Stanford, Jun., University; the State Normal School; the Catholic colleges of Notre Dame and Santa Clara; the elegantly equipped city of San José (pronounced San Ho-sey), whose forty thousand citizens claim it as "The Athens of the Pacific"—are a rare combination of attractions in one county to the tourist and home-seeker; but, from the practical stand-point of actual capacity to be a benefactor of teeming millions of fruit-lovers, Santa Clara County is almost without a peer.

More than one-third of all the fruit shipments of California are sent abroad from this county. Of course this includes peaches, apricots, and miscellaneous fruits, canned and green, yet, on account of its exceeding abundance, cheapness, and intrinsic quality, no other fruit production brings so much gladness and "creature comfort" into thousands of homes of the working population as the dried prune.

The plum known as the French prune is the standard fruit, and grows nowhere to such perfection as in Santa Clara County. Averse alike to extreme heat and cold, it finds the exact temperature suited to its temperament in a climate where a fall of snow to the depth of two inches is so rare an occurrence that it marks an epoch in local history.

The valley being protected on one side from the harsh winds and heavy fogs of the ocean by a range of high mountains, and on the other by a range of hills which wall it in from the hot atmosphere of the great interior plains, the necessary conditions are produced for the highest development of the delicious prune.

A ride through one of the vast prune orchards when the trees are in full bloom is an experience never to be forgotten. Some of these orchards, consisting of 500 acres, contain 50,000 trees, their ages varying from five to ten years, and planted in regular rows about twenty feet apart.

Nor pebble, nor clod, nor blade of grass can be found among the friable soil of the miles-long aisles which intervene, tessellated by the flickering shadows of the swaying snowy petals which project on either side from flower-laden branches. Bird and bee and butterfly are each alive to the situation, and puncture the perfumed air of a cloudless May morning with song, buzz, and voiceless wing.

Among this embarrassment of beauty walks the alert, intelligent orchardist, watching with the trained eye of an artist the development of the tiny bud of the embryo prune upon the tree, until picked at the prime of its perfection with the deft hand of an expert. In order to produce the desired uniformity of size and shape, each fruit-bearing bough is subjected to such thinning and pruning that there lie scattered around the base of a tree often more rejected prunes than are left hanging upon its branches.

As the Eastern plum pest, the curculio, is unknown in California, as scarcely a drop of rain falls upon the trees from May until November, and as there is no scorching sun to shrivel the delicate skin of the prune nor rough wind to mar its contour, a bough of full ripened clusters represents one of perfect prunes.

In an area from six to twelve miles square planted to fruit trees, 18,000 acres are in prunes alone.

They cover the billowy surface of the majestic foot-hills, as well as the plain, with a beautiful irregularity impossible to describe. At plucking-time thousands of busy hands are at work, chiefly those of boys and girls, preparing the luscious fruit for curing under the rays of the midsummer sun.

The average yield when the crop is full is about eight tons per acre. The average cost of caring for the orchards, harvesting and curing such a crop, is $30 per acre, leaving a net income per acre of $210.

As it has been ascertained by experience that prunes dried in an evaporator, or, as in France, subjected to a high degree of artificial heat, were more or less cooked, and hence lose flavor, they are now allowed by the Santa Clara orchardist to remain on the trees until perfectly ripened, when they are plucked, washed, and subjected for a week to the sun's rays by being laid in shallow drying-trays. They are then packed carefully in boxes for the market, the increase of whose demand is almost as phenomenal as the magnitude of the supply.

Dried prunes are the most economical fruit to use when properly prepared and cooked. It requires two and a half pounds of raw fruit to make one pound of dried. To get back the full value and flavor, seemingly lost by the one week of curing, the water which was extracted in the drying process must be largely replaced. This is done by soaking the fruit in cold water twenty-four or thirty-six hours, in the proportion of two and one-half pints of water to one pound of fruit. The prunes afterward will cook in a little less than an hour, require very little if any sugar, and the gain will be two quarts of fruit, delicious and wholesome, at a cost of but a few cents per quart.

Enter the representative domain of a Santa Clara Valley prune orchardist. Taking the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, and one enters into the Paradise of Prunes.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

STYLE.

MAKE your verses crystal glasses:
He who passes,
Pausing, reading,
Not the terms you use shall see:
Not the wording: your heart's bleeding,
Laughter, singing. Style's *transparency*.

MENDICANTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THOUGH it is a misdemeanor to ask for alms in New York, beggars may still be found in the city streets. In the early part of December the writer was waiting in the evening for a stage on Fifth Avenue in the neighborhood of Delmonico's. There came to him a young man—very like a football-player from Harvard or from Yale—and asked for fifty cents to get something to eat. "I am away from home and broke," he said, quietly, and with a nice accent, and his face crimsoned as he spoke, as though with shame. He did not look dissipated, nor was there in his appearance anything of seediness. His linen looked fresh, but he wore no overcoat, though the day was cold. He had pawned his great-coat, was the thought. Well, he got the fifty cents, and with a word of thanks he raised his hat and hurried away. The writer wondered what kind of a lark had lured this youngster to his undoing, and then the occurrence passed out of his mind. Just before Christmas, in the same neighborhood, the same youth came to the writer. Again he wanted something to eat.

A FOURTEENTH-STREET ORGAN-GRINDER.

A LEGLESS VETERAN.

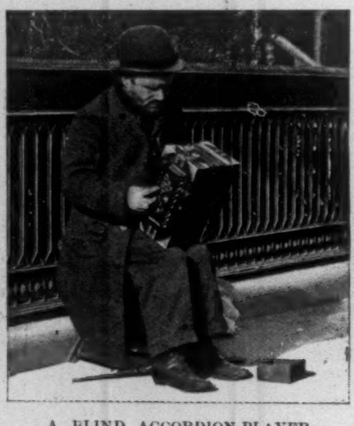
"You have been having a long run of bad luck," was observed to him.

"No," he replied; "I only got to town to-day, and my pocket was picked."

"Did the same thing happen to you three weeks ago?" he was asked. With this question the youth bolted. It would have been interesting to have some talk with him, but that was not to be. The writer has not seen him since, but has heard of him from various persons. He evidently starts to work towards nightfall, and plies his vocation till midnight. He does not ask for a few pennies, but for twenty-five or fifty cents, and, what is more, he more frequently gets the money than a refusal. It is almost impossible to deny a frank-looking, fresh-faced, well-dressed lad who speaks with a good accent and has the gift of blushing. But this youth is a skilful professional, and is probably profiting quite largely by his illegal trade.

There are other kinds of mendicants, who are protected by the law. These are the men and women who have musical instruments of one kind and another, and have regular stands, where they may be found day in and day out. There is one old fellow—the writer has seen him any time for fifteen years past—who has a portable piano, and stands sometimes in West Fourteenth Street, and sometimes in West Twenty-third Street. He is always bareheaded, no matter what the weather; but his head is not without protection, for the provident old soul has covered his pate with a wig of very thick long hair, and he is protected both from heat and cold by it. He has regular customers, who drop in a penny or so whenever they pass. And the women who go shopping in these streets are very prodigals with their small change as they pass this old pianist, who, by-the-way, is considerate enough to permit his instrument to remain silent a very large part of the time. In the same streets may often be seen a man who poses as a sailor. He has a miniature ship—self-constructed, his sign says—and this will roll on its billows of blue canvas if any one but feed the machinery with a penny. But this old salt-water castaway gives something for his pennies, and it may be that he ought not to be classed among the mendicants.

But the aristocrats among the mendicants in New York are the old men and old women who sit on the curb-stones of busy streets and grind very small and very wheezy hand-organs. These organs are such miserable musical contrivances that they excite the pity of the passers-by, and so they drop in their pennies and other small coins. As a matter of fact, these instruments are purposely made to excite compassion for the grinders. To own one, and also to have a good stand, is a generous competency. There is an old woman who grinds her wheezy little organ in Grand Street—that street of bargains, where many of the small-wage-earners do their shopping—and I have been told that she often takes in twenty dollars during a Saturday afternoon and evening. This reminds the writer of a fact that has often come under his observation—that it is the people of small means who are the most frequent givers to these street mendicants. They are themselves only a trifle removed from poverty, and have the close knowledge of what it means.



A BLIND ACCORDION-PLAYER.

A SHIP THAT MOVES FOR A PENNY.

FACTS IN REGARD TO MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE,

GATHERED FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

When men have come into positions of prominence and responsibility, by force of their own character and attainments or by the selection of their fellows, it is instructive and interesting to learn general facts in regard to them which throw light upon their careers, and which also serve to illustrate social and political conditions among us.

Let us take the President and cabinet first, numbering nine. They are all native-born; their average age is about fifty-five, the oldest being sixty-five and the youngest forty-five. The President received an academic and Mr. Carlisle a common-school education. Hoke Smith was trained at private schools; the rest are college graduates, Mr. Olney at Brown, Mr. Lamont and Mr. Morton at Union, Mr. Herbert at the University of Virginia, Mr. Wilson at the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and Mr. Harmon at Dennison University, Ohio. Two are widowers, the rest married, those without wives being Mr. Herbert and Mr. Morton.

The President and cabinet are all lawyers except Mr. Lamont and Mr. Morton, who are editors.

We come next to the Supreme Court, consisting of nine members. They are all native-born; their average age is sixty-three, the oldest, Justice Field, being eighty, and the youngest, Justice White, fifty-one. This average is eight years higher than the Senate or cabinet. Justice Peckham was educated at the Albany Academy; the rest are college-bred—the Chief Justice having graduated at Bowdoin, Justice Field at Williams, Justice Gray at Harvard, Justices Brewer, Brown, and Shiras, at Yale, the two former having been classmates in '56, Shiras graduating in '53; Justice Harlan graduated at Centre College, Kentucky, and Justice White at Georgetown College, D. C. They are all married. This brings us to the Senate. All but six of the Senators are natives of the United States. Three were born in England, one in Ireland, one in Canada, and one in Norway. Their average age is a little over fifty-five, ranging about with the President and cabinet. The oldest is Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who is eighty-six, and has just made a vigorous speech on the silver question. The youngest is Marion Butler, the Populist, of North Carolina, who is thirty-three. There is no other under forty except Pritchard, also of North Carolina, who is thirty-nine. Seven range from seventy to eighty. Of the whole number three give no date of birth. Forty-eight are college graduates. The colleges where more than one Senator was educated are as follows: University of Michigan, 3; University of Georgia, 2; University of Virginia, 2; University of North Carolina, 2; Centre College, Kentucky, 3; Princeton, 3; Harvard, 3; Yale, 4. The others are scattered among smaller colleges. Seventeen report themselves as having received an "academic" education, thirteen as trained only in the common schools, and eleven give no educational data in regard to themselves. Twenty-three report themselves as unaccompanied by ladies, and most of these presumably have no wives.

The vocations followed by Senators are indicated as follows: lawyers, 64; business men, 13; farmers, 3; doctors, 1; editors, 2; clergymen, 1. No data given, 6.

We come now to the House. Out of a total of 365, all but nineteen are natives of the United States. Of the foreign-born, Michigan has 4; Wisconsin, 4; Minnesota, 3; and Illinois 2, making 13; the rest being scattered among the other States. The average age of the House is forty-nine, six years below the Senate. The Speaker is fifty-seven. The oldest is seventy-three, and there are only two others over seventy. Thirty-one is the lowest age, and it is noticeable that New York sends more young men than any other State: Bennet of Brooklyn is thirty-three; Sulzer, thirty-three; McClellan, thirty-one; Quigg, thirty-three; Fairchild, thirty-one; Southwick, thirty-one; Foote, thirty-two; and Mahany, thirty-two. There are only seventeen members under thirty-five, and of these eight, or nearly a half, are from New York. Massachusetts has Atwood, thirty-three; Fitzgerald, thirty-one; and Simpson, thirty-four. Foss of Chicago thirty-three; and Little of North Carolina and Mozely of Missouri are thirty-one. The young men, almost without exception, are from the cities. Only nine fail to give their data of birth, conclusive evidence of the absence of female members. One hundred and eighty-six are college graduates; 76 report themselves as having received "academic," and 68 common-school education; 35 have no data.

Ohio probably fairly illustrates the average conditions. Of the Senators, 1 received an academic education and 1 was college bred; of the Representatives, 2 received academic, 4 common-school, and 15 college educations. In New York the conditions are the same as to the Senators, but not as good as to Representatives, of whom 14 are college bred, 9 academic, and 8 common-school.

The only States all of whose Senators and Representatives are college graduates are South Dakota and Virginia. Wisconsin shows 1 Senator and 2 Representatives college, 1 Senator and 2 Representatives academic, and 16 Representatives common-school.

The colleges where more than one Representative have graduated are, Harvard, 9; Yale, 8; Princeton, 5; University of Virginia, 6; University of Michigan, 6; Asbury University, Indiana, 5; Virginia Military Institute, 5; Washington and Lee, 5; Hamilton College, 4; Centre College, Kentucky, 4; McKendree College, 4; University of North Carolina, 3; Georgetown College, 3; University of West Virginia, 3; University of Vermont, 3; University of Tennessee, 3; Cumberland University, 3; Mercer University, 3; Hampden-Sidney College, 2; Trinity, North Carolina, 2; Knox College, 2; Jefferson College, 2; Wittenburg, Ohio, 2; Washington and Jefferson College, 2; University of Kentucky, 2; University of Ohio, 2; University of Alabama, 2; University of Nebraska, 2; University of Mississippi, 2; Pennsylvania College, 2; Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, 2; Western Reserve College, 2; Randolph-Macon College, 2; Columbia, 2; Williams, 2.

The most striking things in connection with men in public life, so far as their colleges are concerned, are the presence on the Supreme Court of three men who were in Yale at the same time, and the fact that the Chief Justice, the Speaker, and the president *pro tem.* of the Senate are all graduates of Bowdoin as well as Maine men. Thirty-four members of the House give no data as to their education. One hundred and forty-three are unaccompanied by ladies, and are doubtless most of them without wives, the proportion being much larger than in the Senate.

The occupations followed by Representatives are as follows: lawyers, 248; business men, 71; farmers, 19; editors, 9; doctors, 6; preachers, 4; printers, 3. Five give no data as to vocation. More than three-quarters of the Senate and more than two-thirds of the House are lawyers.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

These are Thine altars, Lord, these hills of Thine,
Whereon the sun lights sacrificial blaze
When night is done, and on the rocky ways
Dawn comes to make the earth a place divine.
Here is Thy vast, inviolable shrine,
Thy temple of innumerable days,
Fashioned and filled with glory's wide displays,
And girt about with majesty divine.
The peaks reach up toward heaven; all else recedes.
The woods bow down their heads in silent awe;
The birds choir out their anthems full of grace.
The heart of man Thy primal mandate reads,
For here Thou didst proclaim Thy graven law,
And here did Moses see Thee face to face.

W. J. Henderson.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARJORIE BIDS HER LOVE GOOD-NIGHT.

I WAS just rejoicing that the battle was over, and that the victory remained with us without great shedding of blood, when, to my great astonishment, I saw a little dark cloud of five or six men disengage itself from the deray and charge straight at the thickest of us. They seemed to come suddenly out of the midst of the battling snow-storm. For the driven flakes beat so in their faces that had it not been shed from their armor they had been fairly sheeted white in it, as, indeed, were the trappings of their horses.

In a moment more they were amongst us—Bargany himself, Cloncaird, James Bannatyne, and behind them, with his sword bare, Auchendrayne himself. But I opine he came not willingly, but that his horse, unaccustomed to noise, ran away with him. By what freak of madness they resolved so to charge, as it had been an army in position, it is beyond me to tell. In a moment we were in the midst of the slicing steel and the flame of ordnance—the snowflakes being in our eyes, and the swords cutting a way through the white drift to reach the foe.

Never was there such a fight—at least not in this land. For there were five of them to near a hundred of us. So that I saw no honor in the battle; and besides, it went hard with me to smite that Gilbert Kennedy, at whose side I had ridden all the way to the house of the Inch.

But I sent Dom Nicholas forward with a kind of joy toward the sound, where Auchendrayne had managed to stay his horse outside the heady rush of the fight. I saw that he meant to watch what the end should be. But I was determined that I should give him more than he bargained for. So I couched lance, and crying, "A Kennedy!" held at him, swinging a pistol at him as I came, and throwing it away as I gripped the spear. And this time I might well have been called Spurheel, for I rowelled Dom Nicholas grievously. So that I came upon John Muir with a surge, so that I overbore him with a lance-thrust in the thigh. I cared not a jot that he was old. The devil is older than he; and besides, if he wanted not the chance of battle, he might have bided at home.

And it had been telling all of us if I had staid to finish him. When I think of all the ill the man afterwards did, and how for many years he had been bringing many to their deaths, I can bite my thumb for letting him off scot-free.

But, like a fool, I contented myself with the lance-thrust and a chance pistol-bullet I sped at him in the heat of the fight; for I cannot abide the cruel slaying of the wounded, that is practised even more in their private wars than in the great affairs of nations. And this has often stood in the way of my advantage.

So I turned and left Auchendrayne lying on the ground. As I came back I heard Bargany crying out: "I fear we are too few. But have at them till we die."

There were but two that fought with him, all his other companions being stricken down. And in a trice he alone was left on his horse. Nevertheless it was with a light hand on the rein and a feat touch of the heel that Gilbert Kennedy kept his own, though the blows fell like hail on his armor. There were three that he held at arm's-length—all the while crying out for the Earl, and trying fiercely to break through the spearmen, who stood like a fence about the person of Cassillis.

"Where is my Lord himself?" he cried. "Let him now keep promise, and come out like a man to break a tree with me!"

So went the fight of the one against many, and such deeds of valiance saw I never any man do in this realm of Scotland, though in my time I have never seen so many things done. For Gilbert Kennedy attacked Patrick Rippitt and Quintain Crawford with strokes that nearly dang them senseless, crying at each strike: "Bargany! Bargany! To the rescue, Bargany!" But ever as he raged about the fight like a lion, I saw John Dick watching him with a poised lance in his hand. And while Gilbert was at blows with Rippitt and Big Quintain, Dick raised the lance and sent it quivering at him, with an art which I never saw man master of save himself. Gilbert Kennedy had taken no note of him; for, as I heard afterwards, Auchendrayne had told all that were in the camp of Bargany that John Dick was his man, and his paid intelligencer in the host of the enemy.

The poised lance struck young Bargany in the neck and staid. So in the midst of his foes, and striking at them to the last, he fell, who was the bravest man of his age. And at his fall there fell a silence, and the battle smother cleared. Only the snow fell, and scarce melted on the face that was already white and set in death.

We crossed lances and made a bier with cloaks, whereon we laid him. Then very gently I took away the lance, though the wound bled not much, but inwardly, which was worse. We thought to bear him to some castle of his own folk, as it might be the house of Auchendrayne. But the Earl John came and looked at his foe and kinsman as he lay on the snow with his eyes closed.

"Bear him to my castle at the town end of Maybole," said he, "for that is near by."

Now I thought that not the best place in the world for the young man's recovery, but, being bidden, it was not mine to reply, but to obey.

We were at the portcullis gate of Maybole, and were bearing him in, when down the road to the town there came, riding like the wind, first a lady, and then a man that followed in pursuit. When they came nearer I saw that the lady was she who had been Marjorie Kennedy, and the man riding after was her husband, James Muir. Marjorie leaped from her horse, and left it to wander, bridle free, whither it would. But a page seized and held it.

She came swiftly to where we were carrying our burden on the crossed lances of the bier.

"Is it Gilbert Kennedy?" she said.

We told her ay.

"Lay him down under the gate," she commanded. "I would speak with him."

"But, my lady," I said, as gently as I could, "I fear that he is dead."

"I would even speak to him dead," she cried. "Lay him down!"

Her husband came up to take her by the hand as if to remove her. But she turned on him in white anger, swift and flaming.

"You that have never dared to lay a hand on me, is it likely that you shall begin now? Go, look to your father; cravens that shun the battle ought not to brawl with women."

And without further remonstrance James Muir slunk away like the very pitiful rogue that he was. I could have kicked the cur, and wished there had been fewer folk there, for I had done it, too.

Then she that had been so proud and haughty to him when he was alive, took the wounded head in her arms, crouching beside him in the trampled snow, while the flakes blew in upon her unbound hair. She crooned and hushed him like a bairn, while we that had borne him stood wide from her, some turning away. But, because I knew all and loved her, I stood near.

"Gilbert," she said, "noblest and dearest, never doubt but that I loved you—never loved but you. Though I flouted you oft, and sent you empty away, yet I loved you and none other. And I want the world to know that I loved him—ay," she said, turning her face up to us all defiantly—"ay, and loved him with clean hands, too, for he that is dead never knew it. But I desire you that were his enemies in life to know that Marjorie Kennedy honored herself by loving the noblest man and the fairest—not that thing there, who by cozenance bought me as cattle are bought in the fair."

She laid down his head very gently, taking a fine silken scarve, soft and white, from her own neck. In the folds of that which was warm with pure and gracious bosom she wrapped from common sight the head of him who had died without knowing her love.

Then she stood erect, clasping her hands and holding the last fold of the napkin ere she covered his face.

"Ah, best beloved," she said, gently, yet so that I could hear, "fare thee well! So have I never said farewell before, but ever scornfully, being in fear of my own heart's treachery. Lie you there that wert the noblest man the sun shone on, the most fearless of adversaries, of enemies the most chivalrous, of friends the sweetest, of loves the truest—lie you there. Those that hated you were many, but there is one that loved you, and loves you, and loves you! Lie you there, heart that never feared aught but God and dishonor and a lie, heart that never took favor from a man or refused one to a woman. See, I will touch your lips, the sweetest, which never I touched before. The earth be kind to your body sweet. The heavens receive your soul with honor, and the angels that warred with Satan stand up to give you room!"

She laid the cloth upon the face with mighty love in the caress of her finger-tips.

"Good-night, dear love," she said; "it is sweet, even in death, to tell thee that I love thee!"

We lifted the bier, and setting it on the shoulders of men, we carried Gilbert of Bargany away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAYS OF QUIET.

I ran back to bid Marjorie return with us to Culzean, where we could keep her safe. She stood where we had left her, looking at the place where he had lain. The sted of the crossed spears was on the snow.

At the sound of my voice she started as from a dream.

"Ah, Launcelot," she said, looking at me strangely as though I too had been dead, and in a newer life had unexpectedly confronted her, "do you think that I, who fear not fifty in the highway, fear one or two in the house of Auchendrayne? My work is not done there yet," she added. "Till it be, there I bide."

And with that she mounted and rode away. Never did I see a cavalcade ride home in such fashion after a victory. There was not a man of us from Culzean but went with his head hanging down like a little whipped cur. And when we told Sir Thomas, it was like to break his heart, for he was a kindly man, and had affection for Bargany.

And Nell, when she heard it, went out and stopped the boys that played at ball and shouted in the tennis-court. Also, to keep them sober, she set them to learn their religion—of which, in common with all in that country-side, save perhaps my master, they had great need.

But strange to tell, after the grief was a little by-past among us, there befell the quietest and most gracious time that ever was in the house of Culzean. It was like the coming of joy after the rain—the warm rain of summer which had thawed our winter-frozen hearts.

Yet the things that happened during these months were many. First of all there was the marrying of my cruel Kate to Robert Harburgh, who had at last gotten leave to settle from the Earl, and the down-sitting to settle on. So the day came that I had looked for to be so bitter to me, and lo! it was not bitter at all. For I stood beside Nell Kennedy in white, who was best maid, and it was a sight comely. Then it was that for the first time I thought her

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2037.

more beautiful than her sister Marjorie, of which I have often thought since.

When all was over, and Nell and I had done racing and throwing of old shoes after them as they rode away together to their well-furnished house of Chitterlintie, it chanced that she and I walked home together. We were silent a long way.

Then said I, "Nell, do you remember how it was our daily use to quarrel?"

"And it may be again," she said, tossing her head. "I wonder where the rope is, and the tow steps that used to dangle from the White Tower?" she asked, after a moment.

"They are e'en there yet," I said, "if it be that you would go and see your lad. But be more timely, I pray you, in your home-coming, for you have now no excuse in the way of sisters—"

Then I remembered, and was shamed. But Nell seemed to be thinking of something else.

"Nor have you any excuse for going down by to Sandy the Grieve's," said she, giving me tit for tat.

"Nell," said I, "we are very good friends, are we not?"

"Ay," said she, dryly; "brawly do I ken the reason of that."

"And what may the reason be?" I asked of her.

"Just that I am all that is left," she said, so quickly that I declare the saying took the wind from me, like a sudden blow where one's breath abides. Nor do I yet know the answer to that, for on the surface of the thing there was some reason in what she said.

"Oh, I am not proud," she went on, "and you and I are good friends and good company. I am e'en content to be a Do-no-better!"

"Nell," said I, going near to her and taking her hand—"Nell, you and I are to be more than that."

And she drew her hand away with a jerk.

"Try a new way," she said; "I am not taking Mistress Katerine Allison's cast-off sweet speeches!"

So that base little wretch Kate Allison had been telling of tales!

At this I saw no better way out of the bog than to withdraw myself from her, and walk in silent dignity, which, upon occasion, I have at my command.

"SHE TOOK THE WOUNDED HEAD IN HER ARMS, CROUCHING BESIDE HIM IN THE TRAMPLED SNOW."

"No, Launce," she said, standing up with her hands behind her and her mouth pouted, "you are a good lad enough, but simple. I knew that I would send you into the sulks. That was the reason I said it. If you take me for a sweet confection that melts in the mouth, you mistake me sorely!"

But I made no answer, not having any to make, indeed, and so marched off by myself. Yet for all her ill-treatment and scorning I did not grieve any more for that minx Kate. For the pretty traitress had told Nell those things I had said to her. I never imagined that girls told such speeches and love-makings the one to the other. I had always believed that a lass kept her own secrets, and only told other people's. It was most true what Nell had cast up to me. I was but a simple lad.

Now I must tell during this time of Sir Thomas Kennedy. He seemed another man. He had ever, indeed, been kindly and generous, forgiving and unsuspicious. But during these spring months of the year after Bargany's death he seemed to ripen like a winter apple when it is laid by, till there was no sourness in him anywhere.

Oftentimes he would come and cause me to read to him out of the gospels. Aforetime it had been from the Old Testament, which I had ever thought the more interesting, till Sir Thomas that spring showed me other of it, making me read from the Holy Gospels.

Indeed, to talk with him and watch his life was better than any sermon. I declare that before I understood his life and thought, I knew not that religion was aught more than the color of a faction—a thing to fight about, like the blood feuds of Cassillis and Bargany, concerning the wrong and right of which not one in a thousand knows anything, and still fewer care.

Yet for all his increasing gentleness there was naught unmanly about my master, but ever the bearing and speech of a courteous knight. He had a great love for noble and sweet music, and often diverted himself upon the viol, upon which he played most masterly. The scurril jest he would reprove, but his heart still inclined to wit and mirth, and his countenance was cheerful.

Specially this was so when he and I, with Nell and little David, rode to Galloway, where we were to abide a long season with Sheriff Agnew, for Margaret Kennedy was married to the young Laird, the Sheriff's son, and abode at the Castle of Lochnaw; for in these days the air of Galloway, brisk yet kindly, suited him better than the winds which are ever blowing about Culzean. And what was more to him than all, Galloway was not torn by feuds as Carrick and Kyle, and a man held his life not ever in the palm of his hand, as a drawer does an unsteady cup which at any moment may be spilled. Yet was there not an infinite sadness in this, that in this realm of men that are called Christians, I, Launcelot Kennedy, should have come to the years of manhood with no better opinion of religion than that it was the rag of faction? And this, too, with ministers in mostly every parish, with preachings and communings, and all the outer husk of godliness.

But during this spring-time Sir Thomas showed me quite other of it. But yet I gave not in to all his argument about the Kingdom of Peace. I answered that I was his soldier and servant, and that time and again it had been so ordered by Providence that fight I must for the life and honor of my master, and eke mine own, that being the sphere of life in which my lot had been cast.

"I deny it not," said Sir Thomas; "defence and the appeal to arms are lawful. But I have lived many days, and I think shall live not many more. Yet never have I seen the lasting success of them that make the appeal to the sword. Truly does Holy Writ say that they that flee to the sword shall perish by the sword."

And as we paced together he read to me much from his little Bible, and bemoaned his sins and evil life, especially that he had been overtaken in the house of Sir Thomas Nisbett on the New-Year night of the attack. I wished that I dare tell him that I had arranged the matter with his host for the saving of his life. But I judged that repentance is no bad thing for young or old. So I e'en let him repent his fill and bemoan as he would.

Few places more heartsome have I seen than the Tower of Lochnaw. First, it was near to an inland loch, where ducks squattered and splashed, instead of being like Culzean, set amid the thrash of winds and the brattle of the sea. Then the Sheriff and his children were well agreed and friendly with their neighbors. So that it was a proverb that the wolves and the lambs lay down together in that country-side, for if you stirred an Agnew, you had all the wolves of Galloway on your back! But in truth the Agnews were strange "lambs," though their name bears that signification.

"We are called Agnews because we have so often been fleeced," said the Sheriff once in his pleasantry.

But I told him that was bad sense, though good wit, because in the hills we shore not the lambs till they had grown to be sheep.

"Ay, well," said the Sheriff, twinkling with his eyes, "shear Patrick there, for he is now sheep muckle, and has been so silly as to mix himself with the unruly folk of Carrick."

I had great pleasure in the house of Lochnaw. It is a fair place, with walls, moats, and drawbridges all about—very proper for defence so that there be no artillery set against it. But to my thinking the mounds might now very well be levelled and turned into walks and terraces, as has been done at Culzean.

I sat down with the family at table, and was in all respects as one of them. For the Sheriff said, "Ye are not to be strange with us, for my wife comes from within sight of Kirrieoch Hill, and likes the tongue of the muirland border folk."

"Ay," said my Lady Agnew, for I will not call her the old lady, seeing that she had kept the heart within her young—"ay, and I have not seen any folk to better them on these fat profitable Rhynns."

"That," said the Sheriff, "was what I thought when I went to the Minnock side for a wife."

And very gallantly he lifted his wife's hand to his lips, like the noble and courtly gentleman he was. And to this day the Agnews have ever been proud of their wives.

"Hearken to these young folk," said Lady Agnew, as the noise and tumult of much laughter and daffing came up to us. "Hark to them. Is it not good to be young?"

"And therefore it is good to be my Lady of Lochnaw!" said I, for I determined to show that there were folk in Carrick that could be gallant as well as Galloway Agnews.

"Hoot, Culzean," cried the Lady Agnew, "hoo hae ye brought up your squire, that he cannot see a well-looking woman but he on the instant maun begin to court her?"

"What," said my master, "the regardless loon—and that before her husband's face, too!"

"That, at least, is not a Galloway fault, at ony gate," said the Sheriff, smiling, "for Galloway ever behaves itself before folk, and courts only behind backs and by the licht of the moon."

"Ye talk havers, Andrew," said his wife; "never did I meet you behind backs all the days of our courting."

"Na," said the Sheriff, "but your father, honest man, was sair troubled wi' deafness, and your mother was blind, and lame o' a leg forbye."

"Haud your tongue, guidman. Hae some mense afore the young man, for he looks a sober chiel and blate. What should he hae to do with lasses? At his years!"

Here Nell Kennedy broke out in peal on peal of laughter, and when they asked her the reason, declared:

"It was but Launcelot's face when my lady praises him for being blate. He looks as innocent as our gray cat Grimalkin when she has eaten all the fish for supper."

I wish that I could dwell on these sweet peaceful days in Galloway, but the spring went on apace, and Sir Thomas was summoned back to Culzean. His nephew, the Earl, urgently needed his advice, and wrote to him to say so.

"The Earl makes you many compliments," said the Lady of Lochnaw.

"Ay, ay," said Culzean, "Earl John was aye a great spender with his tongue, even as was the daddy of him."

So we were bound to ride away from this kindly and merry house of Lochnaw, and much do I desire to return thither. Never once did we speak of wars and stratagems while we remained under that roof, but all of friendship and lusty daffing and leasome love.

But when we mounted I bade farewell to all with a wae heart. I envied the Sheriff greatly, for he had a wife whom he loved in age as in youth, and yet whom he knew wherein to be the master of—a thing which makes home happier than all besides. I thought within me that Patrick, his son, had set himself a harder field to plough in his Margaret. Yea, already methought he had let the reins slip from his hand, which, after all, is no strange thing, considering that she was own sister to Marjorie and Nell Kennedy, of whose stiff necks I had experience.

Ere we went the Sheriff said a word that amused us all.

"When I came to be Sheriff," he said, "I found my father at the horn, outlaw and rebel, for refusing to pay tiends to cover the back o' a bishop's lady wi' silks and satins. And when I die it looks like that I shall see my son at the horn for cleading his wife according to the degree of a queen."

For young Patrick Agnew liked better than all to be gadding about after the merchants of France and the Low Countries, who knew his weakness so well that they would come from far to sell him stuff for the decking of his lady, who, when all was said and done, was nothing to compare to Nell, or even to Marjorie, her younger sisters.

So we departed almost heart-broken to leave the sweet place of Lochnaw. And the Sheriff rode with us to the village of Stranraer, a long clarty street, with pigs and bairns running about it, set on the shore of a fine loch. Here Sir Andrew and his retinue bade us farewell, and so turned and rode away back to the homely steading of Lochnaw.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CZAR AND NEGUS.

The high honor recently conferred by the Czar of Russia upon Menelek, the Negus or Emperor of Abyssinia, has caused great sensation in the diplomatic circles and in the press of Europe. It was cabled at first that Baron Meyendorff, one of the officials of the Russian embassy at Rome, had been chosen to proceed to Abyssinia and carry to Menelek the *grand cordon* of the Order of Sainte Anne, one of the highest "decorations" in the Muscovite Empire. But the report has been denied later, and most plausibly; for it would have looked rather harsh to intrust a Russian functionary who has resided among the Italians and entertained sociable relations with them with the duty of taking a Russian testimony of admiration to the recent victor of the Italian army in Africa. Muscovite diplomacy, so renowned for its acute ability and distinguished manner generally, could hardly have made such an improper mistake.

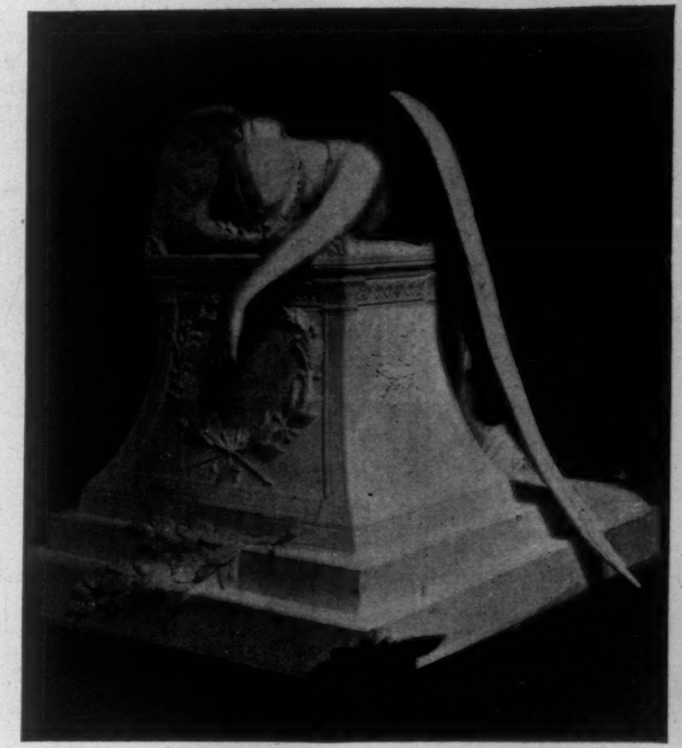
Still, the fact remains that the Czar was anxious to give the Abyssinians one more proof of Russian sympathy toward them; and it is not surprising that a rumor should have been spread in Europe to the effect that Menelek has asked Nicholas II. to act as an arbitrator and to bring peace between Italy and Abyssinia. That would be a most welcome result of the sending by the Czar of the *grand cordon* to the Negus. At all events, Russia does not and cannot expect any practical or territorial advantages from her friendly relations with Abyssinia. She does not need or covet any portion or seaport of that country, but she has seized upon the opportunity to remind Italy and England that Menelek might not be without some ally and support in case those two countries, which are his enemies as well as they are of Russia and France, would attempt to subjugate Ethiopia. Moreover, the Czar is anxious to maintain Muscovite prestige and moral influence among the Abyssinians, who have some religious and political affinity with the population of the great northern European empire.

The African Negus is called by his people "the Just Father," *Aba-Dania*, somewhat like the Czar is called "Little Father" by his subjects. This Abyssinian Abbouma, or Grand Patriarch, holds a political and religious position similar to that of the President of the Muscovite Grand Synod. As shown in the recent book of Professor Bolorow, *A Few Pages about the Ecclesiastical History of Ethiopia*, there are many points of resemblance between the religion of the Russians and that of the Abyssinians, and to such an extent that some writers have considered them as belonging to the same orthodox faith. It is true that the Abyssinians are not Roman Catholics, but hold the creed of the ancient Church of Alexandria, which has been adopted in its general lines by the Muscovite Orthodox. But they differ on many points from the latter; they have not the same liturgy; and the Abyssinians, whose Emperor pretends to descend from Menelek, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, have preserved many Jewish rites and customs, as, for instance, circumcision, and the manner of killing animals for table use.

Without being bound together by formal treaties of alliance, Abyssinia and Russia have constantly entertained pretty frequent relations. A few years ago an expedition composed of many Russian emigrants, led by the famous Atchinoff, attempted to colonize a district of the Harar. It may be remembered that the French who garrisoned the settlement of Obock fired upon their Russian friends, whom they thought at first were filibusters bound to capture the little seaport. Atchinoff did not succeed with his scheme of colonization, and soon returned to Russia. Later on Colonel Leontieff took to Abyssinia a kind of half-military and half-religious mission, but he was disapproved by the Czar, who received, however, with great honors an Abyssinian deputation sent by Menelek to congratulate him upon his accession to the Muscovite throne. Nicholas II., though a friend of the Negus and his people, did not interfere in their quarrels with Italy, and it is without his consent that a score of Russian officers have entered the service of Abyssinia, after having left that of the Czar. A recent cable despatch shows that the government of Italy itself seems to understand exactly the meaning of the latest testimonial of friendship sent from St. Petersburg to Menelek. Of course the new Italian cabinet of the Marquis di Rudini would much prefer that the Negus should be isolated and without the moral support of France and Russia during the peace negotiations still going on, and which he will surely break off if Premier Rudini insists upon the retention of the province of Tigré by Italy. The immediate result of the honor conferred by the Czar upon Menelek must have been to strengthen the latter's determination not to cede any part of his territory to the enemies he has just vanquished. He has always declared that he was not opposed to Italy continuing in the possession of the Erythrean colony, which she founded in 1885, and which extends from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to the foot of the Abyssinian table-land, of which the Tigré forms the first ascending steps. Peace between Italy and Abyssinia would be easily concluded upon those bases; and rumor has even been current lately that the Marquis di Rudini was incorrectly reported as having declared in his speech at the reopening of the Chamber of Deputies that he would insist upon the cession of the Tigré province to Italy, and the acceptance by Abyssinia of the Italian protectorate.

The Consulta, or Foreign Office, at Rome has readily understood that the latest present of the Czar to Menelek could not constitute a serious grievance of Italy against Russia, and it has graciously authorized the members of the Russian Ambulance Corps, formed in Russia with voluntary contributions, to pass through Massowah on their way to the Abyssinian camp. It is stated by the latest despatches that Menelek intends to proceed to St. Petersburg after the conclusion of the war, to salute the Czar, and thank him for the moral support Russia has ever given to Abyssinia.

Félix Aucaigne.



WILLIAM W. STORY'S LAST SCULPTURE.
The Monument to the Memory of his Wife.

MENELEK II., NEGUS OF ABYSSINIA.

THE LAST WORK OF STORY.

In the Protestant Burial-ground in Rome, near the Porta di S. Paolo, close to the pyramid of Caius Cestius, is the monument of Shelley, with the well-known inscription. It stands in the upper part of the ground, under the Aurelian wall. I find in the margin of a guide-book this pencilled note, dated March 1, 1869: "Rose-trees, box, white and blue violets, bird singing as if he belonged there." It is one of the most peaceful and poetic spots in the whole world. Poets and artists like to go there, to muse upon the pensiveness of life and the decent repose of death, perhaps with some longing to rest there when the show of life is over.

Next to the tomb of Shelley now stands the monument to the memory of the wife of William W. Story. It was the sculptor's last work, finished in marble a little over a year ago, and only a few months before his own departure, which was in October last. The work was begun in the spring and finished in the summer after her death, at the suggestion of his family and friends, who saw in it the only means of rescuing him from the despair of his grief. It was not simply a labor of love: it was inspired by the beloved companion who had always been the inspiration of his art, and carried out with an enthusiasm and depth of feeling which accompany a work of genius. When it was finished his work was indeed done, and he departed, and now rests beside his wife, under the same monument, which is a mark of his loving devotion and of his highest art.

In the opinion of Story's contemporary critics, this work is in some respects the best he has ever done. It is at once spontaneous and full of feeling. The view of it presented in the photograph here reproduced is a front view, and fails to give the pathos of the figure, which expresses in every line the abandonment of grief. Few other marbles in the world are so flexibly expressive, so full of a noble and tender sentiment. It was wrought out of grief, but not out of despair. I have not seen the monument in its place, and I am unable to say what, in its surroundings, will be the artistic verdict on it, but it certainly must add a new element of pathos and tenderness to this sweet resting-place of sojourners who have died in the Eternal City.

C. D. W.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IN his lecture at New Haven, the other day, on Lincoln and his Cabinet, Mr. Dana said of Lincoln: "He was the most calm, equable, uncomplaining, and, to my mind, one of the happiest men I have ever known." There is much novelty in this suggestion that in the thick of the war, in Washington, Lincoln was happy. His biographers have pictured him as sagacious, patient, long-suffering, much enduring, gentle, kind, sympathetic, and humorous. We are perfectly familiar with all the qualities in him which these several adjectives denote. Great stress has been laid on his melancholy; his sad eyes have been pictured to us, and he has been shown again and oftentimes as bearing sorrowfully but steadfastly up under his immense anxieties and responsibilities. But Mr. Dana, who knew him when his cares were most weighty, describes him as one of the happiest of men. Who remembers to have heard any one say that of him before? It must be that Mr. Dana is right. Lincoln ought to have been happy. He had the elements of happiness in him. He had love, he had strength, he had faith, he had humor, and he must have had the consciousness of being equal to his task. An unfeeling man can hardly be happy. A man who is not up to his job and knows it can't be happy. A man who is self-conceited, over-sensitive, irritable, or who is tormented by hatred, malice, jealousy, or vain misgivings, cannot be happy in any high degree. But there was nothing in Lincoln himself to make him unhappy. He had worries, perplexities, and cares, and the stress of circumstances must often have been oppressive to him, but the attrition of those forces all outside of himself he could stand. He was a profoundly disciplined man, as Washington was before him. He had struggled through hardships and seasons of depression in early life, and had not only got the better of them, but had got good out of them. He had learned the lessons of life so thoroughly that he seemed to have come to be in harmony with the great motives and impulses that rule the universe, and certainly he knew how to accomplish the greatest results with the least possible friction. Lincoln has been written of so much as a martyr that it is really useful to have some one of authority talk of him as a happy man. Martyrs have usually claimed to have their share of the fun, albeit they had it in a way that was something out of the common. It is a poor destiny to be a martyr if one can't be happy in the accomplishment of it.

Secretary Morton has spent a week on Mr. George Vanderbilt's farm in North Carolina, and the newspapers have reported him as saying, on his return, that there is not the like of it in the world, either as a residence or as a school of agriculture. His enthusiasm for the work Mr. Vanderbilt is doing is boundless, yet coherent. "I consider it," he says, "just as important to the agricultural interests of this country as the Department of Agriculture in Washington. He employs more men than I have under my charge, and I think he is spending more money every year than Congress appropriates for this department." In Biltmore the Secretary discovered object-lessons of high value in art, architecture, agriculture, forestry, road-making, viticulture, dairying, chicken-raising, landscape-gardening, and lots of other things. He says Mr. Vanderbilt's neighbors talk of his inordinate and selfish extravagance, but that that is because they don't grasp either his idea or his purpose.

It is grateful to the spirit to read all these laudations of a very rich man who has bent himself to make his millions do a novel work that is worth doing. It takes imagination and persistent purpose to do unusual things that are worth while, and most very rich men seem to have remarkably little imagination, and even if they employ their money conscientiously, as a great many of them do, they usually follow a beaten path. But Mr. George Vanderbilt certainly has imagination, and apparently has such an outfit of intelligence and persistence as is proper to go with it. The creation of Biltmore must have been a vast amusement to him, yet it seems pretty evident that he meant it to be far more than his plaything. It is interesting, profoundly interesting, and it really seems to promise to be worth enough to civilization to justify its cost.

In a notice in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March of Mr. Davis's record of the experiences of *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, Mr. Hutton observes that "the derivation of the word Gringo is not very clear to the etymologists." Light of a curious quality has since been thrown upon it by a correspondent who writes from Little Rock to tell of a plausible explanation of it of which he has read. This explanation alleges that at the time of the Mexican war Tom Moore's song, "Green Grow the Rushes O," had just come into public favor, and was sung interminably by the American soldiers in camp, barracks, and street. The Mexicans, hearing the "Green grow" in the refrain repeated so often, finally caught that much of it, which, with a fairly close imitation, they pronounced "Grin go," and applying the words of the song, as they understood them, to the singers who sang them, came to designate the latter as "Grin gos," and finally to call all Americans by that name. Spreading through Spanish-American countries, the name has now become as universal as that of "Greaser," which the American applies to the Mexican.

This is an explanation which at least has the merit of explaining. If the name did not originate as Mr. Hempstead suggests, so much the worse for the name. It could not have a more interesting derivation. The year 1845, in which the Mexican war broke out, was the last year of Moore's intellectual life. In that year his last child died, and after that his mind became affected, though he still survived for four years longer.

Lieutenant Wise, of the navy, a man of cultivation, and a son-in-law of Edward Everett, gave the title *Los Gringos* to a narrative of his journeyings in Mexico and California, which was published in New York (by Baker & Scribner) in 1849, so the word in its present meaning was in use before that time. Lieutenant Wise said it had a derisive significance, corresponding pretty closely with the word "Mohawk" as used in the days of Queen Anne. The derisive significance seems still to stick to it. Mr. Hutton says "it is employed among Spanish-Americans as a term of contempt towards Anglo-Americans and Englishmen."

Word comes from London that Lady Henry Somerset's suit against Mr. Astor's *Pall Mall Gazette* has been settled out of court. The *Gazette* said that Lady Henry was enough to drive any one mad. It will retract and apologize, and have its apology printed in twenty other newspapers. The person responsible for the indiscretion of scoffing at Lady Henry was doubtless Mr. Cust, who is no longer editor of the *Gazette*. Mr. Astor did wisely to back down. There is nothing to be gained by making pert remarks about Lady Henry Somerset or Miss Frances Willard. They are both tempting marks for impenitent paragraphers, but they are self-respecting people, who care what is said about them, and are strongly averse to putting up with personal disparagement from any one.

Some one complains to the *Evening Post* of the embarrassing fix our warlike representative rulers at Washington are in because of the difficulty of finding any one who is belligerent enough for their purposes. He is distressed on their account at the "cowardly conduct of Spain in being willing to apologize for the roughness of a mob at Barcelona," and at the growing feeling in England in favor of arbitration. He suggests the appointment of Senators Frye, Lodge, and Morgan as a commission to hunt up some one who is willing to fight.

That might answer, but it is suspected that on such a quest our bellicose brethren would have experience analogous to that of that professional treasure-finder (colored) of Brooklyn, who had a lot of men digging for pirate gold the other day in his back yard. When the sides of the hole threatened to cave in, the police stopped the work. The "finder" lamented: "We should have got it," he said, "if the police had left us alone. I struck the stone that covered it twice. Treasure like that is always covered with a large flat stone. But each time I got to the stone some one spoke, and that sent the treasure further into the ground." So far it has happened that way with Lodge and Frye and Morgan. Twice they have hit the large flat stone that happily always covers their kind of treasure, and each time some one has spoken. If they could only get where no one but themselves could talk, and where there were no police to interfere, there is no telling what might not happen.

What is known as the standard-silver law, passed last year by the Legislature of New York, is intended to hinder manufacturers from stamping "sterling" on silver which is not of sterling quality. It provides for conviction and punishment if goods are made and sold that are stamped "sterling" when they do not contain $\frac{925}{1000}$ parts of pure silver. Senator Siebert, of Buffalo, has introduced in the State Senate an amendment to this law which provides for conviction only when it is proved that the seller had actual knowledge that the goods marked "sterling," and sold as such, were not of that quality. The intention of the law was to protect the buyers and make every purchaser reasonably sure that when he buys silver stamped "sterling" in New York State he is buying silver $\frac{925}{1000}$ pure. If the Siebert amendment should be passed the buyer's protection would be gone. If his purchase turned out not to correspond with its stamp, he never could prove that the seller knew it was base metal. *Caveat emptor* is a wise rule of law, but when the purchaser of silver has looked at the stamp on the metal he has taken his precaution, and is entitled to get honest goods for his money. Ostensibly Mr. Siebert's amendment is for the relief of honest merchants who are deceived by dishonest manufacturers. Practically it seems to be for the benefit of dishonest or careless merchants and of dishonest manufacturers. It makes the sterling silver law of no avail; and the law, as it stands, seems too good a measure to meddle with.

Ex-Governor B. F. Flanders, of Louisiana, who died at his farm near New Orleans on March 13th, had lively and extra-hazardous experiences in the early days of the war. He was a New Hampshire man, a graduate of Dartmouth, and went to New Orleans in 1842. He prospered there, became Superintendent of Schools, and when the war broke out was treasurer of a railroad. The New England in him made him a strong Union man, and he naturally became obnoxious to some of his neighbors. He interested himself in Northern prisoners, until a vigilance committee proposed to hang him in the hall of his house, but compromised by allowing him twenty-four hours to leave town. Through the efforts of his wife and daughter he got a Confederate colonel to see him to the Federal lines, and so escaped a coat of tar and feathers which an attentive mob of soldiers had ready for him. He went to Washington. When New Orleans was captured he went back there to his family, and was appointed treasurer of the city. Later he was elected to Congress, but quickly resigned to become special Treasury agent for Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In 1866 General Sheridan made him Military Governor of Louisiana. After that he served two terms as Mayor of New Orleans, and in 1874 was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States, but resigned after twelve years' service because he objected to paying political assessments. He lived to be eighty years old, and finally became blind.

The recent efforts of the Legislature of Kentucky to elect a Senator have been unusually picturesque and enlivening. The dispute between the legislators as to whether Senator Blackburn or Mr. Boyle was the fitter man for the office got so hot that the Governor thought it prudent to fill Frankfort comfortably full of militia. He had out three companies—one from Frankfort, one from Lexington, and the famous Fighting Legion from Louisville. Instead of being gratified at Governor Bradley's estimate of their prowess, the legislators grumbled at the troops, affected to believe they were not needed, and finally adjourned and went home without choosing any Senator, and without attending to other important business. A good many of them said there was no excuse for the Governor's action, but of course, being Kentuckians, they are open to the imputation of being cross because there was no fight. It illustrates the eternal fitness of things that a Kentuckian should always be Governor of the State in which the Kentucky Legislature sits.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

THE London world is moved at this moment not by matters social, literary, or scientific, but by politics of absorbing interest. And, what has not been the case for many years, the politics of daily talk and thought are not home affairs, but exclusively foreign and colonial.

The Italian disasters in Abyssinia have cast a weight of depression over the whole European world, strongly felt here. It is realized, though not clearly by all, that besides the misfortune thus brought upon Italy, the defeat concerns European civilization, and directly affects, or intensifies, the disastrous crisis which is threatening the foreign relations of all European states. I have, by-the-way, heard to-day, on excellent authority, that Crispi is not personally the prime mover in the Abyssinian policy, but that the campaign has been insisted upon and pushed forward by King Humbert himself, who must thus feel himself mainly responsible for present and future events.

One of the most disheartening features in the present state of foreign politics is its confusion, the absence of clear aims and ends—its rudderlessness. It is like a diplomatic night attack, in which at any moment friends might fire at one another and enemies fraternize in the strife. The triple alliance has been shaken to its very foundations; the Franco-Russian *entente* is less complete than it was even some months ago; Germany seems to turn eastward towards Russia, France westward towards England; Austria is not clear as regards her relations either with Germany or with England; Italy is hopelessly at sea in all her affairs; the Venezuelan and the Cuban *imbroglios* have disturbed the friendly relations of the United States with Great Britain and with Spain. What is the outcome, and what will it all tend to? One outcome is clear: the one power that has gained by all troubles and disasters is Russia. The Great Bear goes plodding on towards his goal; his aims are clear, for they are not encumbered by the considerations of complex and highly organized civilization; his nervous system is not developed, and does not call for care—there is only the stomach to satisfy.

I heard a prominent personality here congratulate the Russian ambassador (Baron de Staël) on the recent diplomatic successes of Russia. When asked how he could do this, he answered: "Alas, it is too true! It was another form of expressing my grief at the defeat which the diplomacy of civilized nations has sustained." G. S.

CHICAGO.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy incident of Sir Henry Irving's recent engagement in Chicago was the production, for the first time upon any stage, of the one-act *Godefroi and Yolande*, written by Mr. Laurence Irving—"my youngest boy," as the fond father said in the curtain-speech wherein he begged the indulgence of the audience for the new play. It proved to be the old story from the *Grandes Chroniques de France*, retold in Mr. Swinburne's poem, "The Leper," and now dramatized in a way, on the whole, strikingly effective. The author has been influenced a good deal by Maeterlinck, and makes much use of the trick of repetition employed by the Belgian dramatist to enforce a suggested horror. The production occasioned a spasm of virtuous indignation in some of our dramatic critics, who were loud in their denunciations. But so careful and serious a piece of work is not so easily to be disposed of. The subject matter is horrible, doubtless, but the story belongs, in a sense, to literature, and its pity and pathos have kept it alive for four centuries. Moreover, Mr. Irving has done what could be done to spiritualize the story, and to make it morally impressive. It proved a great success with the audience, who applauded so persistently that Miss Terry (who acted Yolande) was forced to make a little speech of her own, which, with the two made by Sir Henry, and the triple bill of the performance, made the evening one of considerably varied entertainment.

The judgment obtained a year ago by Miss Harriet Monroe against the New York *World* for publishing an unauthorized and garbled version of her "Columbian Ode" was at once appealed from by the newspaper which had carried its "enterprise" to so illegitimate a length. The judgment has just been affirmed by the court of final jurisdiction, which is a triumph of righteousness, and a vindication of the principle of exemplary damages. The act which has thus brought its own retribution was an offence of an unusually flagrant sort. A copy of the poem was first obtained by underhanded means, and then published in the face of the author's protest, she having been informed by a representative of the *World* that it intended so to act, and would risk the consequences. The effect of the judgment now rendered cannot be other than salutary, showing as it does that journalistic "enterprise" sometimes does not pay as well as journalistic honesty.

While the East is engaged in talking about matters of public import, the West brooks not delay, but proceeds to act. Mr. Howells, for example, discourses feelingly in the pages of this WEEKLY upon the evils of the theatre hat, and there the matter rests. But Ohio, in the person of one of her law-makers, has introduced a bill into the Legislature making the wearing of a theatre hat of obstructive dimensions a criminal offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment. From Ohio, also, comes word that the people are weary of Congressional delay in taking the part of outraged Cuba against the tyrannical oppressor, and have declared a boycott upon the Spanish onion. This bold step was taken at Youngstown, the occasion being a banquet of clergymen, one and all of whom refused to partake of the odious vegetable, preferring to shed their tears for Cuba rather than for Spain. Such is the stern temper of the great Mississippi Valley in these stirring times.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A WESTERN man has invented a thing which he is pleased to call a "saluting device." The fortunate wearer of this new invention can, by merely pressing a button, be sure that his hat will be raised six inches from his head, twisted from side to side, and restored to the head again.

The advantage of this device as a labor-saving machine to the "popular young society man" celebrated in the social paragraphs of the newspapers is at once apparent. But it may be that his lady friends will not receive these mechanical salutes with the same gratitude with which

they welcomed his hand-made bows. Several debating clubs composed of the fair sex have debated the following question, and have always unanimously voted the affirmative:

"*Resolved*, That a young lady is justified in breaking an engagement of marriage upon receiving from her *fiancé* a dictated type-written love-letter."

From these unanimous votes we may gather the effect which the use of the "saluting device" will have even in our age of lack of chivalry.

The revival of the Olympic games in Athens has roused the spirit of Athens the Modern, situated on the banks of the Charles, and a team of athletes is to be sent by the Boston Athletic Association to contend for the palms of victory. The games are to be managed in technical details by a committee from the British Athletic Association, under the auspices of the national government of Greece. The modern Greek does not keep himself in the hard training for which his ancestors were celebrated, so that the outer barbarians from Ultima Thule will probably stand some show of getting a laurel or two.

An exhibition of portraits has been very successfully carried on during the last two weeks at Copley Hall. Four generations of Bostonians look down upon the visitors, Warren and Franklin literally at the head of them, for these two worthies, oddly enough, are "skied." There are some foreign ladies and gentlemen in the gathering upon the walls, and there are Holbeins and Vandycks, but the greatest interest in the exhibition is found by a Bostonian, at least, in tracing the likenesses of his friends in his bewigged ancestors in the portraits. The changes in costume make the last century a distant epoch, but when we look at the faces or read the letters of these quaintly clad forefathers we see that there is very little difference between them and us.

All the railroads coming into the southern part of Boston will before long be brought into a great union station on Summer Street. The beautiful Providence station on Park Square will then be abandoned. Mayor Quincy and the railroad officials are working together to bring about this great improvement, and the Legislature has been asked to authorize the project.

The Governors of Massachusetts are more called upon than are any other officials in this country to attend public balls, banquets, and cattle fairs. The sudden break-down of Governor Greenhalge is by many attributed to the many calls to social affairs which he heeded. In a recent newspaper discussion upon the subject it was claimed by some that it was the combination of the "banquet" and the required after-dinner speech which was destructive to vitality. Others suggested that if the victim of wholesale hospitality selected from the endless variety of the "banquet" a light repast, such as he might have had at home, and at the same time didn't try to make a very good speech, he could attend these festivities daily without injury to his health. However, it seems that the disgust which repeated and public dinners excite in a man who is compelled to attend them cannot be mitigated by making poor speeches or by endeavoring to select wholesome food from a mass of inedible dainties. It becomes a chronic disease, and there is no cure for it except a prolonged hunt in the Maine woods and a retirement from public office. The "sage" or retired statesman is not annoyed by too many invitations.

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, has announced his intention of quitting San Francisco and its environs. For several years past the poet has lived on the heights back of Oakland, one of the city's suburbs—a superb location commanding an extended view of the bay and the irregular, broken hills on which San Francisco stands, in the morning wrapped in mist, in the evening in black silhouette against the sunset. Here Mr. Miller has lived the ideal life of the lover of nature, growing fields of roses, and now and then giving forth his poetic utterances to the world below. Like most prophets in their own country, he is regarded by the dwellers in the town as an eccentric being, and the pilgrimages made by Eastern writers to the rose-crowned heights are quite incomprehensible to the local mind. Last week he delivered a lecture in Oakland which has roused indignation in that suburb. The poet rated his audience roundly. He called them the laziest people in the world, and prophesied a relapse on their part to the condition of passive indolence that marked the Spaniards when the gringos came. San Francisco he coupled with Paris as the city whose inhabitants were the most unhappy, and where the rate of suicide was correspondingly high. Altogether, the poet is so dissatisfied that he says he is going to move to El Dorado County, where every prospect pleases, and where man is not as vile as he is in Oakland.

The rival of Schlatter, who has been performing remarkable cures in British Columbia, has disappeared from Victoria as promptly and completely as Schlatter recently disappeared from Denver. Walter Putnam, the Northern healer, is said at one time to have lived in Santa Rosa, a small town near San Francisco. He was called a Christian Scientist—a sect which is much in evidence in California—and was spoken of as a quiet, unobtrusive man, of whose healing powers little was known. During his last week in Victoria 200 people visited his cabin daily, and it was remarked that he appeared fatigued and much broken down. The latest surmise as to his identity is that he is Schlatter. Many people think that he took ship from one of the Mexican ports and came direct to Victoria. The disappearance of Schlatter coincides in date with the appearance of Putnam. Photographs of the former bear a close resemblance to the latter. The reticence Putnam preserves as to his own career and antecedents, and the knowledge he shows as to the methods and life of Schlatter, bear out the theory that they are in reality one and the same man.

One of the largest land deals in the history of California is now on foot. This is the sale to an English syndicate of that vast tract in the middle of the State known as the Santa Margherita Rancho. With the Santa Margherita will be included the Tascadero Rancho and the Asuncion Rancho, the whole aggregating a total of about 53,100 acres, forming one of the most magnificent of those great properties that date from the period of the Spanish grants. The Santa Margherita Rancho is now the property of General Patricio Murphy, who in turn procured it from the descendants of the Estradas, one of the oldest Spanish families. In the days of their glory it was said that the Estradas could ride from San Luis Obispo to San José on their own land. General Murphy, the present owner, lives in the original hacienda with the patriarchal profusion and simplicity of the old dons. He will retain this portion of the estate. For the enormous tract the English syndicate are to pay some $3,000,000. They anticipate settling it with English colonists selected from the better class, and will sell holdings to such as desire to own their own land and can pay for it. The manager, Mr. Allen, contemplates visiting the colony once a year and staying for four months.

G. B.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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THE SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

Considering the epidemic character assumed by expositions of all kinds in recent years, it is rather strange that the sportsmen who are wedded to rod and gun should so long have held aloof from the prevailing custom. They finally fell in line last year, however, and their second annual exposition, most successfully culminated last week at the Madison Square Garden, gives evidence that the habit is likely to become chronic. It also showed that sportsmen had largely withdrawn from active interest, except as spectators, and that the dealers in sportsmen's wares had come in their stead.

Not that the rod and gun held undisputed sway at the exposition in question. On the contrary, sports of every kind and description—ball, football, golf, tennis, yachting, boxing, and what not—were ostensibly given a hearing; and the scope of the exposition was expanded so liberally as to include items of such doubtful relevancy as electric motors and an X-ray photography apparatus. But, after all, these things were only incidental to the main show. The real interest centred about the pursuits of gunner and angler, and the paraphernalia of these crafts, in all their details direct and accessory, were in overwhelming preponderance. Hunting and fishing equipments, from the lance of an Indian to the latest breech-loading repeater; from the bone spear of an Eskimo to the whip-like rod of the trout connoisseur; from the skin canoe to the electric propeller; from the Blackfoot tepee to the model camp in the North Woods; from the native flint to the powder-mill in action—remote or recent, savage or civilized, everything that pertains to the capture of game fish or game bird or mammal found abundant representation. For the average observer the interest of novelty attached rather to the ancient than the modern displays. The grotesquely patterned guns and pistols of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were of peculiar interest, as also were some weapons of more recent make, such as a six-foot rifle used by Patrick Henry, and an eight-foot flintlock shot-gun of uncertain history.

Trophies of the chase were, naturally enough, a prominent feature of the exposition. There were stuffed animals in museumlike array, and these included the heads, at least, of all but two or three species of American game mammals. Heads of caribou, moose, elk, and deer were especially numerous, many of them being trophies of the skill of well-known New-Yorkers.

A rather surprising oversight was the failure to show a corresponding set of the game birds of the country. The shot-gun was in evidence in sufficient numbers to give portions of the amphitheatre the appearance of an arsenal, but the game which the shot-gun is designed to secure had but meagre representation. Here and there was a stuffed game bird or a picture of a game bird, it is true, but in the aggregate these did not represent one-tenth of our species.

Game fishes received fairer treatment, being represented not only by living and stuffed specimens, but by a fine series of paintings. When one thinks of game fish he naturally thinks also of fish stories. Mr. Harris, the owner of the fish portraits, tells of a mammoth lake trout, said to be the largest of the species ever captured.

It appears that the proud captor, prior to banqueting his friends, wished to secure a portrait of his prize, the life of which he carefully preserved for the purpose. A young lady celebrated for her skill in this line of art was asked to make the painting. She acquiesced on one condition, but, true to her sex, refused to name the condition. The angler, however, made reckless by success, accepted the equivocal terms. The work was presently completed. The would-be possessor viewed it amid exclamations of delighted approval.

"Now your condition," he cried, with enthusiasm; "no matter what it is, it is granted."

"It is not difficult," replied the fair artist; "you have only to take the fish itself, poor thing, out to the lake and release it."

Tableau and curtain.

Now candor compels me to add that Mr. Harris himself does not end the story here, or leave it with any such complexion as this. Unfortunately the scientific part of his inner consciousness gets the better of the true angler instinct. Instead of leaving the story at this charming climax, I say, Mr. Harris—but, no! I cannot bring myself to spoil so fine an effect even in the interests of verity. I am sure the true angler will thank me for the intercession.

Not to be outdone by their piscatorial confrères, the gunners imported a coterie of guides from the Maine woods, amply provided with pictorial circulars, mounted heads of game, and the true hunter's imagination. The man who ran the gauntlet of these guides, and escaped without having formed the resolution to possess himself forthwith of the munitions of the chase and hie him at the earliest opportunity to the North Woods to revel in the slaughter of deer, caribou, and moose, may feel sure that he has not a drop of sporting blood in his torpid veins.

Truth to say, there was rather more of the gauntlet character about the entire exposition, barring the loan and trophy exhibit, than was altogether pleasant. The loan exhibit, so far as representing rod or gun, was decidedly mediocre. I wonder the Boone and Crockett, the yacht and the athletic clubs, and the universities do not combine in giving a trophy exhibit. One might wish, were he disposed to be hypercritical, that the commercial feature could have been presented in a slightly more diluted form. But then this is a business age, and at all events the large attendance showed the growing popular sporting spirit. Expositions in New York are not usually of purely philanthropic origin. Stoddard Goodhue.

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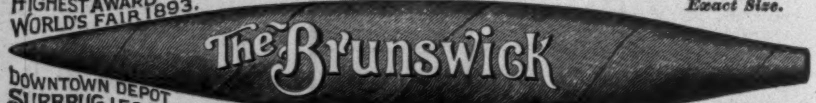

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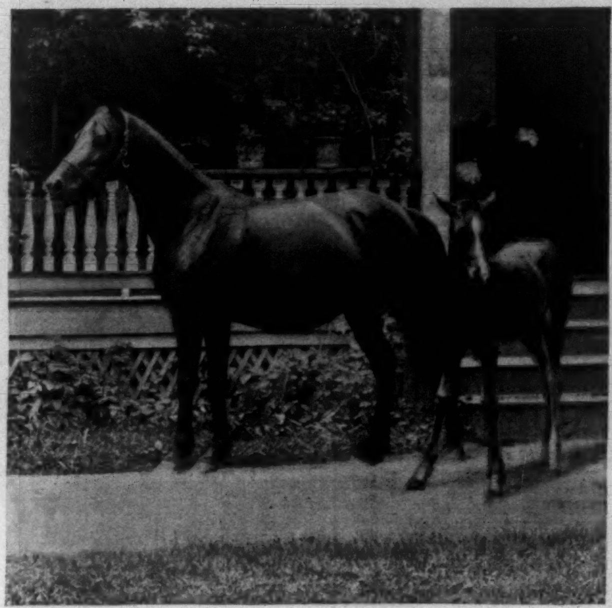
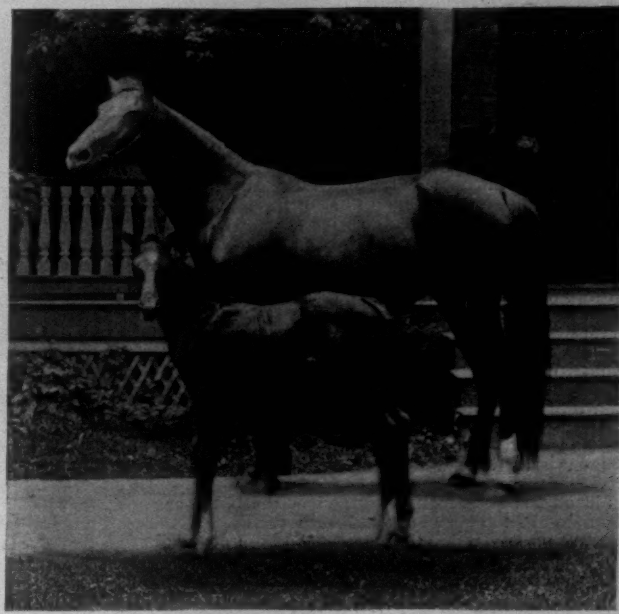


NAZLI AND NAÂRAH.



NAOMI, 19 YEARS OLD, AND COLT KHALED, 12 DAYS OLD.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

PURE ARABS.

PART V.

As we have seen in following the subject to this point, the influence of pure Arab blood in developing the highest type of ponies has been very great. It seemed proper, therefore, that there should be added to what has already been written a chapter giving such information as can be obtained with reference to this most interesting branch of the subject.

At this point the remark is pertinent that since the word Arabian has always been potent to conjure with, it has often been applied to horses not entitled to such designation. Nor do we always consider that a horse may really have come from Arabia and in no sense properly represent the animals which have made that country famous. From Mosul, site of the ancient Nineveh, on the north, to Bussorah at the south, Arabia is 3000 miles long. From Damascus on the west it is 300 miles due east to Tadmor (the ancient Palmyra), and the same straight line would be prolonged still 1200 miles eastward before the Persian boundary of Arabia is reached. So when a man tells you that such a horse came from Arabia and is an Arabian, he is a little less explicit in statement than he would be in telling one that his horse came from the United States and represents the American trotter. If he could not tell from what part of the United States he came, and to what trotting family he belonged, his claim to merit because of known breeding would vanish in thin air.

Let it not be understood that the claim is here made that few true Arabian horses, animals of the purest breeding and highest caste, have come to the United States and to England. One needs only consult the pages of Weatherby's General Stud-Book and Bruce's American Stud-Book to find that both England and America have been highly favored in this respect.

It is true, however, that not until the visits of Major Upton and the Blunts to Arabia, within the last twenty years, was much known about the origin and families of the pure Arabian horse. Roger Upton's *Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia*, and Lady Anna Blunt's *The Bedouins of the Euphrates* and a *Pilgrimage to Nejd*, first made known the mysteries of this dark region. Other writers in our day have visited Damascus and Algiers; some have gone as far as Aleppo. They may have seen a dozen Arabian horses each. It is safe to say that they would have found a greater number at Crabbet Park, Pudlicote, and Needham Market, in England, the homes of Wilfred S. Blunt, Hon. Miss Ethelred Dillon, and Rev. F. F. Vidal respectively, than the entire number seen by all these writers in the Orient. And because the hundreds of mongrel brutes, having no just claim to be called Arabians, fail to meet the ideal formed in their minds of what the true Arabian is like, their writings teem with disappointment, and we are told that nothing is to be gained from resorting to fresh infusions of such blood. At the World's Columbian Exposition, in 1893, a lot of horses were shown in the Arab Encampment as having come from Arabia, so representing the breed. They may have come from Arabia, and they may not. They were picked up by some enterprising Turks in Damascus, and were rubbish of unknown origin, with the exception of one gray mare, that belonged to an Arab sheik, whom they induced to come with them, and then robbed of everything, even of his mare. She was a Seglawi Jedraân, and Mr. Ramsdell, who bought her a year after Mr. Vidal had pronounced her the genuine article, was able to get a certificate telling her family and breeder. Those who bought the other "Arab" horses, when sold by the sheriff to pay the bills of the rascally Turks, might just as well have attended an auction of some of the street-car lines recently exchanging horses for electric motors.

NEJD.

NEJD, Ch. S., 1894. { Naomi, 1877. { Haidee. / Yataghan. } Maneghi-Hedruj. / Desert-bred, and all Ch. S. — Anezah, 1890. { Naomi. / Leopard.

The fact is, the best Arabian horses are not to be found in the cities, nor in their immediate neighborhood. They are owned, and have been bred for centuries, only by the great migratory tribes of Bedouins, and only certain tribes possess the best. The Bedouins of Arabia are divided into great groups of tribes. Of these, the most powerful are the Shammar race, of Mesopotamia, in the north, and to the east of the Euphrates, visited by the Blunts; and the Anezah in the south, most intimately studied by Major Upton, whom they trusted as a friend and brother, who lived with them in their tents for months, and spoke their language. He says of them, "In Arabia, the Anezah, a great race of Bedouins, dating back to remote antiquity, composed of many tribes, the most wealthy, the most powerful, the most important in the country, have the best horses."

This fact is acknowledged by all the other Bedouins, and the Anezah recognize no horses as pure bred but their own. Indeed, if other tribes acquire horses from them, they decline to recognize even such animals after they have been in other hands for forty years, since they believe none but themselves to be sufficiently careful in keeping pure that which was without taint while in their own possession. From the very few animals belonging to any of the great families recognized as pure bred by the Anezah—seen by Lady Anna Blunt among the Shammar tribes, considerably less than a hundred in number during six months' travel in the desert—it would seem that the Anezah are justified in believing that the blood of their horses is not kept pure after the animals pass into other hands. But who are the Anezah, and where did they get their horses? Major Upton was able to answer both these questions, and did so most completely.

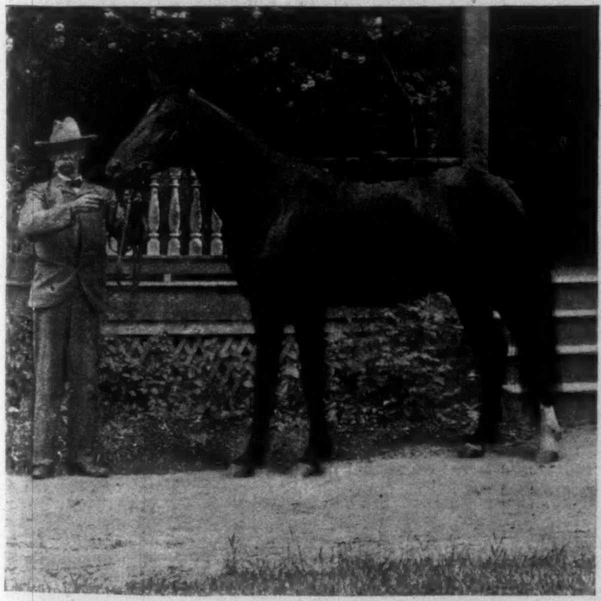
All the Arabs are descendants of Ishmael, and they have complete genealogies dating from the earliest times. It will be remembered that Abraham himself was a nomad, who came from Chaldea, on the east of the Euphrates. Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, was Abraham's concubine, who, after the birth of Isaac, Ishmael's half-brother, was driven into the desert with her young son by the jealousy of Sarah, Isaac's mother. The Arab tradition supplements Bible history by saying that when Ishmael was sent away with his mother he lamented his barren heritage. He was assured, however, that there was reserved for him the most valuable gift to man. This he subsequently discovered was the horse of the Kuhl race, which he found at Hejaz.

The two branches of descendants from Abraham to a point 1635 B.C. were as follows:

Ishmael,	Isaac,
his son Kidar,	his son Jacob,
his son Hamal,	his son Judah,
his son Nahet,	his son Pharez,
his son Salaman,	his son Hezron.

Salaman, fourth in descent from Ishmael, contemporary with Hezron, fourth in descent from Isaac, both living about 1635 B.C., is an important character in connection with the history of Arabian horses.

Eight generations from Salaman, and contemporary with David, King of the Jews, lived a man named Rabiah, about 1100 B.C. This man was called Rabiah al Faras,



NIMR.

NIMR, June, 1891, Ch. S., 15 Hands. { Kismet. / Nazli. . . { Naomi. / Maidan. } All Ch. S., and all pure in the family Maneghi.

ANEZAH.

that is, Rabiah *of the horses*. It is recorded that though Rabiah was the third son of his father, Nazar, (perhaps the fourth son,) he was chosen by his father as the most proper person to make careful use of the breeding-mares that Nazar left, whose value was beyond price. Rabiah al Faras was the grandfather of Anezah, Asad being son of Rabiah and father of Anezah. From Anezah sprang all that race of Bedouin tribes to whom belong the purest of the Arab horses. Anezah inherited them from his grandfather Rabiah, through his father Asad; and these horses are descended without taint of foreign blood from the Rabiah al Faras animals, as his came, without break in ownership or taint in blood, from five famous mares that belonged to Sheik Salaman.

A mistake often made, before Major Upton gave the true history of the Arab tribes and their horses, was in saying that the Arabian horses of the present day are descended from mares that belonged to Mohammed. It is capable of proof that Mohammed never owned a horse until he went to Medina. He then became possessed of seven mares, three of which were bought—their names and former owners are recorded—and four others were given to him. The Arab race of pure-bred horses was in existence 3000 years before Mohammed was born.

Some early writers about Arabia speak of a family of Nedjid horses, and of Kochlani, as being of superior strains of blood. Major Upton has explained that these are not families of Arab horses at all. Najd is the name of a great grazing district, for centuries under the absolute control of the Anezah tribes, though not now in their possession. As these tribes have none but the purest of the old strains of horses, animals whose blood has been kept untainted for a known period of 3500 years, the Nedjid horses (as we would speak of Kentucky horses, or State of Maine horses) were highly esteemed by those fortunate enough to possess them. When one speaks of Kochlani Arabs he simply calls attention to an unimportant physical characteristic which all Arab horses show, but other than Arabs may have. The word Kochlani is derived from *Kuhl*, antimony. Lady Anna Blunt tells us that the Arab women apply antimony to their eyebrows and eyelashes to increase the brilliancy of their eyes. Therefore, as all pure Arab horses are supposed to have black rings around their eyes, such are called Kochlani. Among the Anezah, Major Upton found the words *Keheilan* and *Keheilet* applied to the horses. Both words are recognized as derivations from *Kuhl* (antimony), but Upton got another explanation of the meaning of the words as applied. He found that the entire race of pure-bred horses among the Anezah had black skins, no matter what the color of their coats. It has come about, then, in the course of time, that the Anezah have adopted this word, after the manner in which we use the word "thoroughbred." But it is even more exclusive than our word. We speak of thoroughbred horses, thoroughbred cows, thoroughbred dogs, meaning improved animals that are bred to a type, and have not varied from the type since the breed was established.

When a Bedouin attaches the word *Keheilan* as a prefix in making mention of any family or animal, it means a horse (male) of the pure Arab blood whose lineage can be traced without a break to one of the five mares of Salaman (*not* King Solomon, the Jew, David's son), an Arab sheik, who lived 1635 years B.C., fourth in descent from Ishmael, son of Abraham. When they use the word *Keheilet*, they mean a mare whose pedigree is known to be pure, an untainted Arab, descended from one of the five mares above mentioned, belonging to Sheik Salaman 1635 years B.C.

Keheilan, then, a pure-bred Arab stallion.

Keheilet, a pure-bred Arab mare.

Major Upton also learned that all Keheilans (and Keheilets) were included in Al Khamseh, which means "The Five"—that is, the Anezah Bedouin decline to recognize any animal as Keheilan or Keheilet that cannot trace direct to one of the five mares of Sheik Salaman, and they divide Al Khamseh into the following great families:

1. The descendants of Keheilet Ajuz.
2. The Maneghi family, with three subfamilies.
3. The Hadban family, with five subfamilies.
4. The Jelfon family, with two subfamilies. The Jelfons are considered a doubtful lot by some.
5. The Homdani family, with two subfamilies. The Homdani stand even worse than the Jelfons, the great authorities among the Anezah refusing to recognize them as "Al Khamseh" (of the five).

The first mentioned above are the descendants of Keheilet Ajuz. We already know that Keheilet means an Arab mare of the purest lineage. Ajuz means "of the old woman." Keheilet Ajuz gets her name from her history. It is related that a certain sheik was fleeing from an enemy, mounted on his favorite mare. (Arab warriors trust themselves only to mares; they will not ride a stallion if they can avoid it.) This mare was far along towards parturition; in fact, had the misfortune to become a mother during the short stop her master was compelled to make at noon. The unfortunate little foal was a filly. Being hard pressed by his enemy, the sheik was compelled to remount his mare and again seek safety in flight, leaving the little filly where she was dropped. For hours he raced on, finally reaching his own people and safety. Imagine the surprise of all when, shortly after the arrival of the sheik on his faithful mare, the little filly, less than a day old, came into camp also, having followed its mother across miles of desert. She was given into the care of one of the old women of the tribe, whence came her name Keheilet Ajuz ("the mare of the old woman"), and grew to be the most famous mare ever seen in the desert—the one from whom are descended the choicest of all pure-bred horses. Major Upton himself was in doubt just where to place this mare. It is certain that no less than nineteen recognized families of horses trace to her, five through mares (Keheilets) and fourteen through stallions (Keheilans), and some people believe eight other families besides the above should be included among her descendants.

SPENCER BORDEN.

ATHLETIC PROSPERITY AND REFORM IN THE SOUTH.

THAT prosperity is an invariable result where organization is for wholesome honest sport, and not for the mere winning of games, is attested by the situation in the South more than in any other section of the country.

It is only a very few years since sport in any of its departments became a feature of Southern university life, and yet in that short period really more has been accomplished in proportion to the number actively interested than in any other part of the United States. For a year or so there was confusion of ideas on sporting ethics, usually to be expected in new institutions without tradition or experience. There was much to be deplored in the methods prevailing in many of the colleges. There are yet a few that have not profited by the wholesome example of the many, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that, speaking generally, university athletics in the South are on a most healthful basis.

For this gratifying condition all praise is due a few earnest workers in the good cause, notably Professors William L. Dudley, of Vanderbilt University, C. H. Herty, of the University of Georgia, and C. H. Ross, of A. and M. College of Alabama, and Messrs. T. L. and Hugh Bayne, the old Yale men, who, at New Orleans, have done much by influence and example to inculcate the highest ideals of sport in the clubs and universities in that vicinity.

To the efforts largely of these three professors was due the organization of the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, solely, as its constitution states, "for the development and purification of college athletics throughout the South."

IT HAD NO EASY TASK. For though the athletic sins of the Southern colleges were to a large extent due more to ignorance than viciousness, yet conceptions of amateurism were so distorted, apostles of honest sport so few and far between, the (amateur sport) ignorance of the average Southerner so dense, and the indifference of the Southern press so marked, that the way of the athletic missionary looked troublous indeed. When I say that within a couple of years' time all but two or three have been reclaimed from athletic corruption, the work of these men may be appreciated.

To-day the faculties of the majority of Southern universities have a strong grasp on the conduct of sport in their respective institutions, and are working with determination to keep it clean. And this has been accomplished without the incentive or hope of victory on the athletic field, because in many instances it meant the weakening of elevens, and in several cases there was to be, and is to-day, no meeting between many of the universities of the Association, owing to the distances by which they are separated.

Another splendid work by this Association has been the burial of that baneful "championship," the pursuit of which has done more to wreck honest sport, rationally conducted, than almost any other athletic will-o'-the-wisp I know.

THERE ARE TEN MEMBERS of this Association, and only a few of them meet on the field in any department of sport. And yet mark the result. Despite the weakening of teams at first by elimination of unwholesome practices that permitted the "gathering" of athletes, there is not one of these universities whose teams to-day are not double the strength of three years ago; there is not one of them that has not now almost two athletes where it formerly had one; there is not one that has not increased its athletic strength materially. Better than all this has been the spread of a wholesome amateur spirit among the undergraduate bodies, so that whereas formerly the strictest supervision was necessary to provide against the introduction of some ineligible athlete, to-day the executives pursue their work in confidence that the student body is with them, and will not of itself tolerate any deviation from the high standard the Association has raised.

What a sermon this preaches to those who maintain athletic strength may not be developed out of wholesomeness; that unscrupulous acquisition of "stars" is essential to colleges or clubs in their athletic novitiate! What a lesson, too, it provides to those few remaining bigoted ones that damn all athletics because of the few evils that have outraced legislation! How irrefutably it proves that deep down in the heart of every intelligent, pulsing man is the conviction that honest sport is beneficial; that it means manly boys and vigorous young men; that it proclaims a healthful mind as the usual result of a healthful body!

THIS WORK HAS NOT BEEN ACCOMPLISHED without opposition—opposition from parents, misled by the sensational newspaper stories; opposition by ignorant provincial newspaper editors, who have not considered the great benefits of moderate athletics to the moral and mental welfare of young men, but conducted their "sporting pages" with no idea of a difference between the professional athlete, using all means to the end of earning a precarious, oftentimes unscrupulous, livelihood, and the amateur entering the athletic arena for recreation and love of sport.

The members of the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association include Vanderbilt University, Nashville; University of the South, Sewanee; Cumberland University, Lebanon; Central University, Richmond; University of Georgia, Athens; A. and M. College of Alabama, Auburn; University of Alabama, University; A. and M. College of Mississippi; Tulane, N. O.; Louisiana State University.

With two exceptions, this list includes all the prominent universities of the South. Those exceptions are the University of North Carolina and University of Virginia, and, deplorably enough, these two are among the most important educational institutions of the South, and the gravest offenders in amateur sport. Both have refused to join this Association; each insists on playing men on its teams who are ineligible under a rightful amateur definition; and neither has shown any desire to cleanse its athletics.

With regard to Virginia it seems to be a case of athletics running riot, with a president who apparently disregards the disreputableness of pernicious athletic practice, and with no faculty member in sympathy with the true ideals of amateur sport.

At North Carolina it seems to be a case where the entire control of athletics is given over to a "manager," who cherishes a winning team above all else, and lacks consideration of the means to such an end. But even so it is gratifying to observe the corroboration of that old saw, "Honesty is the best policy," for these two renegades from amateur sport have by no means enjoyed the general athletic prosperity of several of the other Southern universities which have labored along on amateur lines.

OF THE OTHER SOUTHERN COLLEGES that do not belong to this Association there are the Southwest Presbyterian, the Peabody Normal, University of Tennessee, all in Tennessee, and all striving, under the influence and example of the Association, in a small way, on sound amateur lines. There is the Washington and Lee College, of Virginia, which in times passed has been somewhat like the University of Virginia, but of late has made honest efforts to approach nearer an amateur basis. The Centre, of Kentucky, has also been an offender against sporting ethics, having had an athletic director whose ideas of clean sport were not much to speak of; but it is pleasing to know it has of late been making some efforts to correct former errors. There is also the University of Texas, at Austin, which for disregard of amateur sport ethics must be classed with Virginia and North Carolina.

THE SPORT OF THE SOUTHERN UNIVERSITIES is, generally speaking, confined to football and baseball, though in the last year or two interest in track athletics has grown, and here and there even some of the smaller colleges have produced good men. The three, however, which have shown prominently in this branch are Vanderbilt, Sewanee, and Tulane. There has never been a Southern inter-collegiate track athletic meeting, but since '86 Vanderbilt has held an annual field-day, open to all, and is by far the strongest in that branch in the South. This year, for the first time, an athletic meeting will be held by the Association, Vanderbilt with rare good sportsmanship abandoning its field-day to that end.

The leading universities of the South in athletics are Vanderbilt, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Sewanee, A. and M. of Alabama, University of Alabama, and Tulane. At Vanderbilt there are no professional tendencies, the faculty is active, and the student body strongly against unwholesomeness in sport. The spirit of the students at Sewanee seems not to have been so wholesome, and Professor Trent, who is most active in the good cause, has had much trouble in getting their athletics on the present healthful basis. The University of Alabama has been irregular, but is now working to the standard set by the Association. The undergraduate spirit at Georgia has been a little like that of Sewanee, but here again Professor Herty has labored long, and at last successfully, to inculcate the proper amateur spirit. At A. and M. of Alabama Professor Ross stands for clean sport, and his university has a similar reputation. At Tulane the spirit is of the best, and if it were not, T. L. Bayne, who has coached the eleven, would tolerate no deviation from amateur ethics.

THE MOST PROMINENT of the Southern athletic clubs are Louisville A.C., Nashville A.C., Southern A.C. (New Orleans), American A.C. (New Orleans), Young Men's Gymnastic Club (New Orleans), Memphis A.C., and Birmingham A.C. (Alabama). Of these only the Southern A.C. and the Young Men's Gymnastic Club have lived entirely up to the standard of the Association. The controlling spirits of the Southern Club's athletics have been the Bayne brothers, and its teams have been developed from among its own members, and no one's motives for playing have been open to suspicion. The Young Men's Gymnastic Club devotes its energies more to in-door than out-door work, though it has put forth some excellent athletes. The Louisville and Southern clubs have been the most active in sport generally, and the only ones to hold track-athletic meetings. Louisville has fallen from grace in football by "gathering" and "inducing" players; in track athletics the club seems to have been rather honest.

There is a Southern Athletic Association, a branch of the A.A.U., and an annual field-day with some exceedingly good performances.

THE LOUISVILLE A.C. and Southern A.C. and the Young Men's Gymnastic Club all have thoroughly equipped club-houses. Memphis lost its home by fire and has not rebuilt. There is considerable rowing interest at New Orleans, with a splendid course, with three active clubs, St. John's, Crescent, and Louisiana. Besides these the unsurpassed facilities for yachting give great opportunity for an active indulgence in that direction. As a matter of fact, there is no centre in the United States about which may be had more variety or better sport with rod and gun, by oar or sail, than in and around New Orleans.

There is as much activity in tennis as elsewhere, and everywhere that activity is not so general as three years ago. Curiously enough, golf has not yet reached the South, though nearly all the Southern States furnish exceptional natural links. The only club I know is at Aitken, and that owes its existence to Northern sporting blood. There is very much more I might say on the Southern situation, but my space forbids it.

SUMMING UP THE RESULTS of my trip around the United States—not within all the fifteen years of my close intimacy with amateur sport has the outlook been more encouraging in this country. Unwholesomeness has run its course. In every section of the country—the middle West, the Northwest, the Pacific coast, the Southwest, and the South—determined and uncompromising reform has set in. In one particular, however, there is yet great room for improvement—*i. e.*, in the treatment of amateur sport by the average Western and Southern newspaper. Of all the reporters that interviewed me I remember not more than half a dozen, in my complete circuit of the United States, who had an intelligent conception of what amateur sport is. Too often the sport departments of these papers are left to the control of men who have no sympathy with amateur sport, and absolutely no knowledge of the difference between a sporting man and a sportsman. The press, Western and Southern especially, in sport, is in a position to do great harm or great good. It may educate or it may vitiate. Let us hope the reform that has set in throughout the country will include the newspapers among the reclaimed.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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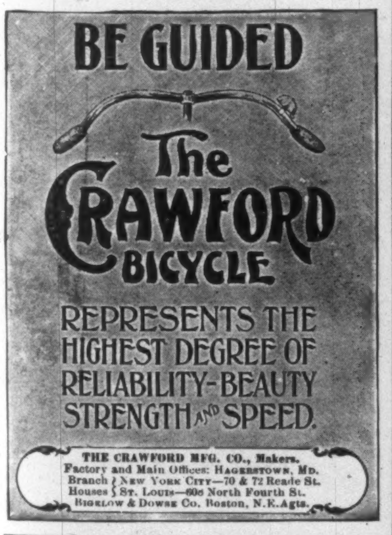

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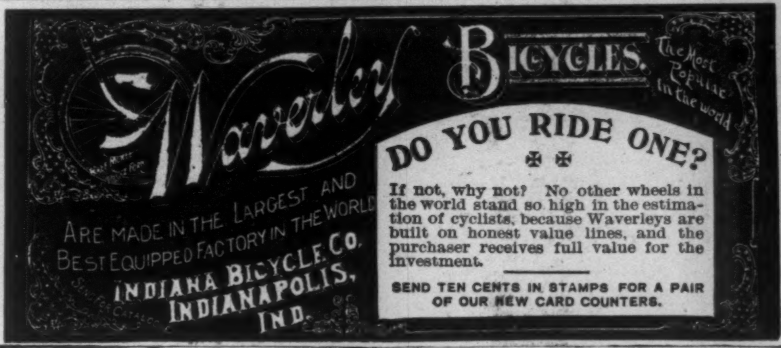

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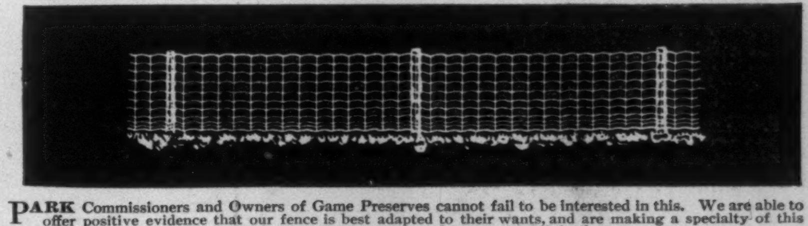

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